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Immortal Story **CHRIST'S LAST WEEK ON EARTH**

By FELIX R. McKNIGHT

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families March 1958

The Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church, Ocean City, New Jersey, January 8, 1958

San Francisco Area NEWS of Your Church in Action

Bishop Donald H. Tippett
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

California–Nevada
Pacific Japanese

Editor: Winston H. Taylor
83 McAllister Street, San Francisco 2, Calif.

Enlarge Camp Dining

Expansion of the dining room at the new White Sulphur Springs campground, in preparation for summer use, has been authorized by California-Nevada Methodist Camps, Inc.

The present 100-person capacity will be increased by about 50 per cent by adding a wing, largely of glass, and changing partitions. To finance the expected cost of $4,500, special funds and labor will be sought.

Facilities Now Available

Although the campground is completely booked for this summer, its first as a Methodist-owned site, its facilities are available now to both church groups and families, according to W. A. McCoy, Jr., camp co-ordinator.

Five housekeeping apartments are available for family use between Monday and Friday noon, on a free-will offering basis. Reservations must be made through the co-ordinator's office at 83 McAllister St., San Francisco. Space also is available for two house trailers.

Some Methodist Men groups have gone into the campground for "work week ends," said McCoy, who is making local church program appearances on behalf of the conference's several camps.

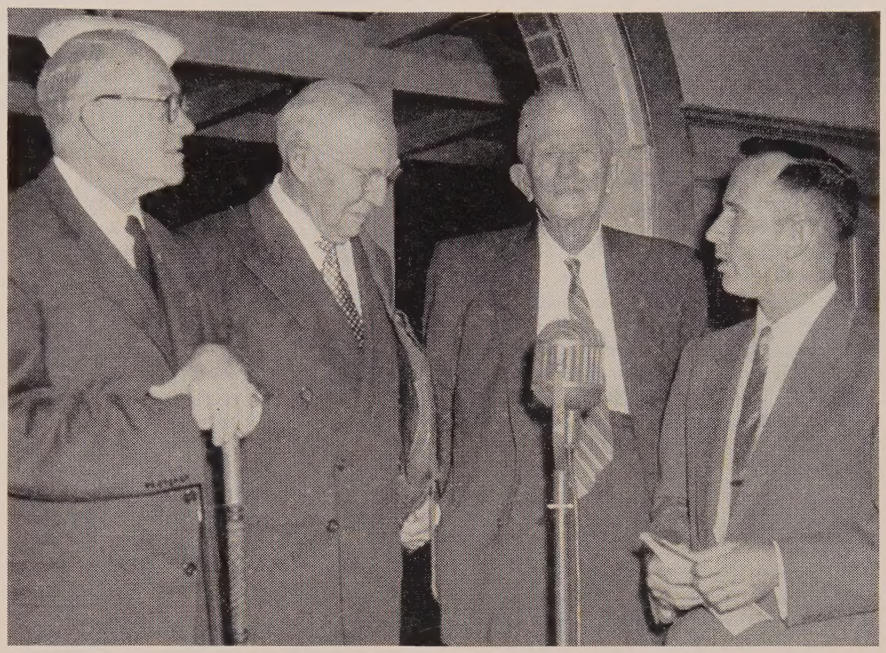
• Anyone needing aid or advice in breaking up bars might well call on the Rev. Carl E. Walker, Redwood Empire District superintendent. He recently led in demolishing the bar that was at White Sulphur Springs camp, a reminder of the grounds' earlier days as a resort. (He also took out a window—accidentally—when his hammer slipped.)

Conference to Hear Tate

Announcement that Dr. Willis M. Tate, president of Southern Methodist University, will be guest speaker for California-Nevada Annual Conference sessions recently was made by Bishop Tippett. Conference will be June 10-15 at College of the Pacific.

Tate will speak Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. He is a graduate of SMU, where he was a star football player. He was in public-school teaching and administration, then served as executive assistant to the pastor of First Church, Houston, before returning to the university in 1945.

• Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference will meet June 24-30 at the new building of Highland Church, Spokane, Wash.



After 107 years, these "founders" of College of the Pacific were interviewed at the school's Founders' Day program Jan. 24. From left: Bishop Tippett, with Bishop William Taylor's walking stick; Dr. L. L. Loofbourow, with Isaac Owens' saddle bags; Dr. Rockwell Hunt, as Edward Bannister; and Winston Taylor, area public relations director.

AT COP FOUNDERS' DAY

Oxnam Challenges Church Colleges

"Some churchmen expect too much of church schools," Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington, D. C., told a crowd assembled for College of the Pacific's first Founders' Day on Jan. 24. A church-sponsored college, he explained, can measure up to the standards expected of it only when the church supports it financially and spiritually.

Several hundred persons heard Bishop Oxnam declare that the Christian college is not a rescue mission, a social service, a psychiatric couch, a healing service, or an ideal community.

He stressed, however, that it must be an institution with excellent standards, one which maintains "a community of scholars free to search for the truth that frees—a demonstration of the free way of life."

The church should expect reverence and loyalty and seek "critical conviction not indoctrination," Bishop Oxnam added. He urged that Christian colleges give each student opportunity to subject the challenge of Christian faith "to the same critical scrutiny manifest in other areas where the purpose is to discard the false and to embrace the true."

The Founders's Day program also included a monologue, "The Founders," written and delivered by Arthur Farey of Central Church, Stockton, the college public relations director; and a service of rededication of the college in its church relationship.

A gold nugget, shaped like a California bear, was presented to Bishop Oxnam as the gift of Methodist and civic groups in Sonora, the bishop's birthplace. Stuart Gibbons, Stockton, who made the presentation, is a son-in-law of the Dr. Bromley who delivered Oxnam.

Gill to Address Pastors

Dr. Theodore Gill, managing editor of *Christian Century* magazine since 1956, has been selected as a featured speaker at the conference Pastor's School next month. His topic will be "The New Iconoclasm."

The school will be held Apr. 7-11 at Mt. Hermon.

Reschedule 'Faith' Series

Bishop Tippett returned this month to the area's radio broadcast, *Faith of Our Fathers,* which also changed outlets and schedule in San Francisco.

During his Far East trip from August to February, the bishop's place on the program was taken by various guest speakers.

New outlet station is KSFO, 560 k.c., replacing KFRC. Program time will be Sundays at 8 p.m. Eight other stations will carry the program as they did before. The program is produced by the Area for Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches.

The Methodist TV series, *The Way,* has returned to the region on two stations—KBAK (channel 29, Bakersfield) at 12 noon Sundays, and KTVU (channel 2, Oakland) at 3 p.m. Sundays.

The Pastor series is again on KSAN (channel 32, San Francisco) at 9:15 p.m. Thursdays. Several Methodists have appeared recently on the Council of Churches' *Focus* on KRON-TV, channel 4, at noon Sunday and *People and Places* on KFRC, 610 k.c., both interview programs in San Francisco.

Baptize Five Japanese

Five young Japanese nationals, in California for three years as contract farm laborers, were baptized Jan. 5 in Grace Church, Yuba City.

They and four others baptized last spring are among several hundred newcomers from Japan. The church's growing service to them was reported in the January Supplement.

The baptism was conducted by the Rev. James E. Huntley, Grace Church, and the Rev. Sadao Masuko, Florin Church, both of whom lead congegations whose kindness helped the men make their decisions.

Dedication was Jan. 19 for new electric organ at Epworth Church, Portland, given by Mr. and Mrs. Hide Naito. Organist is Jean Osuga, daughter of the pastor and senior at Lewis and Clark College.

ROVING AMBASSADOR'S FUND

Send Over $3,000 to Korea, Formosa

Some $3,000 that Methodists placed in the 1957 Annual Conference Sunday offering as the "Roving Ambassadors' Fund" will be shared by the Kris Jensen Memorial Student Center in Seoul, Korea, and Soochow University in Taiwan (Formosa).

The offering was made available to Bishop and Mrs. Tippett for allocation to projects they found most needy during their Far East tour. They chose to send through the General Board of Missions $1,605 for Soochow, 1,400-student university started by alumni of the China mainland school and now sponsored by The Methodist Church.

An equal amount, plus district report meeting offerings which have boosted the total to $1,917, has gone to the Kris Jensen Memorial Student Center. In memory of a missionary well known here—a prisoner during the Korean fighting who returned to mission service before his death—the center will provide worship and fellowship for students of many colleges in the Seoul area as well as being a training center for church youth leaders.

Start Two New Churches

Services are expected to start Palm Sunday or early in April at the newest California-Nevada Church, **Freemont,** in southern Alameda County.

Meetings will be in a large house on a five-acre tract at 308 Mission, bought last fall with Board of Missions and East Bay Extension Society funds. The site is at the east edge of Irvington, one of several small communities combined last year into one of California's biggest (in area) and fastest-growing cities.

Pastor at Fremont will be the Rev. Frank W. Mitchinson, transferred Mar. 1 from Detroit Conference where he was pastor of First Church, Hudson, Mich.

Some 25 persons attended the initial service of **Edison Manor Church, Fresno,** on Jan. 26. Nearly 20 of them were received as members, most on profession of faith.

Meetings are being held in the parsonage. Mrs. Sylvira Galloway was selected as superintendent of the church school, whose sessions began in February.

One of this year's new churches already has changed its community—and had to call a congregational meeting to decide which community it would be part of, for mail purposes.

Because of rapid area growth, postal services were split, and **San Ramon Valley Church** had to choose between staying with Danville and "moving" to Almo. It "moved."

Expect Budget Boosts

Some 80 persons attended the first open hearing on the conference budget, held Feb. 3 at Modesto as a preparatory step for action at the conference session.

All ministerial and lay members of the conference and official board chairmen had been invited. Those who attended discussed existing or proposed programs, and financial needs and resources.

Although no totals were available, increases of varying sizes were asked by most agencies. The budget committee was to make recommendations to the Commission on World Service and Finance, which recommends to the annual conference.

Youth Study Government

Under Methodist administration, plans are being completed for the annual Christian Youth and Government Seminar at Sacramento Mar. 31-Apr. 2, sponsored by the regional United Christian Youth Movement.

A maximum of 250 high-school and older youth, selected by various denominations, will attend sessions in First Church, Sacramento, and the state capitol.

Miss Edwin Parsons of First Church, Sacramento, is chairman of the steering committee for the program, which will include addresses, discussion groups with state government leaders, tours, and worship.

Purpose of the seminar is to acquaint youth with state government and to increase their awareness of Christian responsibility in and for good government.

• The annual student conference Apr. 11-13 at Mission Springs, sponsored by the conference Wesley Fellowship will feature as speaker the Rev. Daniel D. Walker, First Church, Oakland. Chairman for the weekend inspirational gathering is Dick Ernst, Temple Church, San Francisco.

• A large number of Methodists were leaders or participants in the annual California Governor's Conference on Youth.

Plan History 'Showcase'

Plans for California-Nevada's first "Showcase of Church History," designed for local church historians, have been announced by the Rev. Fredric H. Busher of Calvary Church, San Francisco, president of the conference historical society.

The program will begin at 1 p.m. on Apr. 18 in the oldest Methodist property in California—San Francisco Korean Church, formerly First Church, on Powell Street.

Ninety-two church historians and many other interested persons have been invited to the afternoon and evening program. It will include a report on the two conference archives; a panel discussion of the

t, present, and future of Methodist tory in this area; discussion of the ues and resources for church histories, l talks by five outstanding Methodist ssonalities, most of whom are non- narians.

Further details will appear in the April pplement.

00 Discuss Vocations, to Enter Church Work

Some 225 youth and 70 adults partici- ed in this year's Church-Related Vo- ons Conference, one of the largest eight-year history.

Twenty young people registered deci- ns to enter church-related work, and e inducted into the Life Service Fel- ship. Well over 100 took vocational itude tests and were given evaluation erviews.

Keynote speaker, the Rev. Daniel D. lker, First Church, Oakland, called ation "the instrument for reaching a tination," or the route to an ultimate goal which should be decided without erence to vocation. As tests of a Chris- vocation, Walker suggested these estions: "Is it something I can do?" it enjoyable?" "Is there anything I'm ter prepared for or would rather do?" it remunerative, hard work, creative, ervice, enduring, important, and what ld wants me to do?"

Mrs. Robert Moon of San Leandro, irman for the conference, conducted spirational interviews" to learn the ational experiences of the Rev. Doug- Coole, missionary to Sarawak; Joyce h, former J-3; and the Rev. Wendell mer, Modesto, who operates a co- rative farm.

nference Man, Wife Teach in Panama

A young product of California-Nevada nference, William E. Eddy, and his e were commissioned in January as ssionaries to Panama.

Eddy, son of the Rev. and Mrs. W. C. y of Fair Oaks Church, left for Pan- ama in February with his wife and year-old son. They will teach in the Pan-American Institute at Panama City, part of the Central American Methodist Mission developed by Bishop George A. Miller when he was sent out by the California Epworth

Mr. Eddy

gues in 1916.

A teacher and lay Methodist minister the Isle of Pines near Cuba since 1951, ng Eddy is a graduate of Asbury Col- e, with a master's degree from San e State College. Mrs. Eddy is from kson, Miss.

Winston Taylor

These intent young people were listening to a discussion of possibilities in church-related vocations at the annual Vocations Conference, Feb. 7-8 in Palo Alto.

Aptos Pastor Dies

The Rev. Richard Bagley, pastor at Aptos, died Feb. 6 at the age of 50 following a heart attack. He had served several churches in recent years as an approved supply pastor.

Death also came to the Rev. Richard L. Rowe, Watertown, S. D., who retired in 1955, and to Mrs. U. G. Reynolds, Sacramento, whose minister husband had died in 1939.

Word recently was received of the death Dec. 3 of Mrs. Jesse Lacklen, widow of a former pastor and district superintendent.

More Money for Pensions

New investments, including a modern apartment building and Berkeley's largest supermarket, are helping the Conference Claimants' Endowment Board increase its annual pension contribution by more than the total amount given in 1940.

Most recent major addition to board investments—now valued at $2 million—is a new apartment building at 2325 Woolsey Street, Berkeley. It has 20 recently occupied one-bedroom units on two floors, poured at ground level and jacked up over an open garage level. This $125,000 structure is next door to the board's office and 12-apartment house at 3120 Telegraph Avenue.

In business since 1891, the board last year put $40,000 into ministers' pensions—nearly one dollar for every four raised by the churches on apportionment—and plans to increase the sum by $5,000 each year. This is more than 10 times as much as that paid in 1940, according to the Rev. Roy E. Wilson, executive secretary.

Most of the corporation's investments are income properties such as some 200 owner-occupied homes and the large Radcliff Arms Apartments at 540 Alcatraz in Oakland.

However, some business properties have been acquired to keep pace with inflation. The board bought the Berkeley Market Building and leases it to a grocery chain which sells no liquor. It also owns and leases a postal annex in Richmond.

Growth Spurs New Church Expansion

The challenge of providing building facilities to serve current church needs continues to make good news in the San Francisco Area.

The **Armona Church** congregation was surprised Jan. 20 when the Rev. C. C. Van Leer interrupted the morning service to burn the mortgage on the parsonage, built in 1955. An anonymous gift permitted the action.

As part of projected plans for expansion, **Burlingame Church** bought an adjacent two-story apartment building, which will be remodeled to accommodate six classrooms and a custodian's apartment. The $120,000 project includes addition of new offices and three classrooms to the church building, remodeling an apartment into a classroom, and adding a chapel narthex.

A fund drive is slated for May, with 15 per cent, or up to $14,500, to be designated for aiding a new church in southwest San Mateo.

A new classroom has been dedicated at **Occidental Church,** with all labor and most materials donated. Increasing attendance, often with as many as 40 children, necessitated the addition. The church has 18 members.

Redevelopment plans have forced the sale of two Sacramento churches to the Sacramento Relocation Board. **Emanuel Church,** formerly in the Latin-American Provisional Conference, received $32,500 and will keep historic windows from old First Church. Property has been secured at 44th Street and Lantana for rebuilding soon. The **Chinese Church** sold its building for $34,500, but has not yet decided on a future location.

Neither church intends to continue as an ethnic-group congregation. Sacramento Methodist Union has aided with transactions.

Sonoma Church broke ground Jan. 5 for a $31,000 social-education building. It will include a multipurpose room seating 200, and several classrooms. Building committee chairman is H. C. Johnson.

A $125,000 building and remodeling project was consecrated Feb. 1 at **St. Paul's Church, South San Francisco,** by Bishop Tippett. Fifteen classrooms, a new kitchen, and an administrative unit were added. The social hall also was remodeled, and new furnishings secured. Chairman of the building committee was Aud Thompson.

Highland Church, Spokane, was given a boost on its new building in January by eight members of Wapato Church, who donated three days to help with carpentry, painting, and landscaping.

Ground was broken Feb. 9 for an educational unit of **First Church, Sunnyvale.**

Nisei WSCS to Meet

Annual meeting of the Nisei Woman's Society of Christian Service for the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference is slated for Saturday, Apr. 12, at West Los Angeles Church.

Mrs. James Kirihara of Livingston, president, will conduct sessions beginning with registrations at 9 a.m.

Speakers will include Mrs. Charles A. Trowbridge, president of Southern-California-Arizona Conference WSCS; Mrs. Arthur L. Young, Western Jurisdiction secretary for missionary education, and Mrs. Donald H. Tippett.

50-Year Member Honored

Fifty years from the day—Feb. 2— she joined Willits Church, Mrs. Susanna Dean Foster was honored with a surprise "This Is Your Life" program.

An electric train stopped at various points on a large cake decorated to depict Mrs. Foster's journeys. At the stops, significant events of her life were re-enacted in the program conducted by the Rev. Willard J. Weeks.

Mrs. Foster, 82, is a life-long student of the Bible and regularly conducts Bible study for the WSCS as she did for Ladies Aid and Missionary Society.

Tells of Nevada Methodism

A story-filled history of Methodism in Nevada, *Sagebrush, Silver, Slot Machines,* has been published by California-Nevada Conference Historical Society.

Written by the Rev. Leon L. Loofbourow of Good Shepherd Church, Richmond, the conference historian, the booklet has been sent to all ministerial and lay members and is available to others through Loofbourow or the Rev. Fredric H. Busher, society president.

The history was published by Lexicon Press of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Lundeen cut a cake in their honor at First Church, Vallejo, on Feb. 2, just before leaving for six months in Africa and Europe. They will visit the Belgian Congo, and their son Lawrence and his family—missionaries supported by the Vallejo Church.

Laymen Fill Pulpits

Two more examples of highly effective use of laymen in church leadership have been reported at Smith River and Dutch Flat.

Left without a pastor this year because of the shortage of ministers, Smith River turned to Thomas P. Mills, who after driving his log truck 70 hours a week preaches on Sunday for the 64-member congregation. Laymen of this most-northern California-Nevada Conference Church, in the Redwood Empire District, are keeping their commissions operating and are remodeling the church and parsonage, guided by Harold Wolfe, lay leader.

Dutch Flat, which has been on a circuit with Colfax, last fall gained a pastor in Harry H. Loy, who some years ago served as a minister.

Dutch Flat Church, built more than a century ago during gold-rush days, was reconditioned three years ago after a period of inactivity.

Two honors came recently to Amedee Sourdry, conference lay member from Montclair Church, Oakland, in his election as vice-president of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce and a director of the California Parks Association. Sourdry serves on the Conference Board of Social and Economic Relations and California-Nevada Methodist Camps, Inc.

Newest parsonage arrival is Gary Everett, born Jan. 28 to the Milton Nelsons of Berkeley. Nelson is assistant at Woodside Road Church, Redwood City, and Mrs. Nelson is a former conference headquarters secretary.

San Joaquin-Calaveras Council of Girl Scouts has elected Tom Davis of Central Church, Stockton, as president.

Golden wedding anniversaries were celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Clark of Tulare on Nov. 19; Mr. and Mrs. Clark Leach of First Church, Fresno, on Jan. 1; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McDaniel of Sebastopol, Feb. 2; and Mr. and Mrs. Orin Stone of Winters, formerly of Grace Church, San Francisco, Feb. 3.

Newly added church staff members include the Rev. William Yabroff, a Congregational minister who until recently was a military chaplain, as associate minister at Campbell; and the Rev. Gary A. Thompson, student at San Francisco Theological Seminary, as pastoral assistant at Hamilton Church, San Francisco.

For the fourth year, the Rev. Howard C. Busching, First Church, Reno, will be a member of the faculty for the graduate workshop on family relations at College of the Pacific, June 23-July 4. The session is sponsored by COP and the California Congress of Parents and Teachers.

The 90th birthday of "Mr. California," Rockwell Hunt of Stockton, was celebrated Feb. 3 at Glendale. Dr. Hunt taught for many years at University of Southern California, then directed the California History Foundation at College of the Pacific.

Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, and Negro Methodist congregations were special guests during a January preaching mission at Rio Linda Church, near Sacramento. With the Rev. Roy Nichols of Downs Church, Oakland, as speaker, guests and special music came from Emanual (Mexican), Pioneer (Japanese) and Chinese churches in Sacramento and from First Church (Japanese) in Loomis.

The Peninsula Council of Church Women has elected as president Mrs. Elmer S. Anderson, wife of the pastor at First Church, San Mateo.

Suspicions of Richard Stephens, FBI agent and Mill Valley Church Lay Leader, foiled an attempted bank holdup in San Francisco in January. A block away from conference headquarters, Stephens followed a man into the bank, stood behind him until a holdup note was presented, then seized the would-be thief.

First grandson for the Rev. and Mrs. Douglas Ewan is Douglas David, born Jan. 24 to Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. (Jean) Maughn of Centenary Church, Modesto. Ewan is Sacramento-Nevada District superintendent.

New San Francisco area chairman for United Church Women of Northern California-Nevada is Mrs. Herbert Davis of Glide Church, San Francisco.

The Rev. Bernhard Anderson, dean of Drew Theological Seminary, will be this year's speaker for the Bishop Tippett Lecture on Religious Perspectives in Higher Education, to be given Apr. 19 at College of the Pacific. Anderson is a member of this conference and the son of Mrs. Grace Anderson, superintendent of Beulah Home, Oakland.

Four California-Nevada pastors and one layman have participated in overseas evangelistic missions sponsored by general boards. In November, the Rev. Dodds Bunch of Centenary Church, Modesto, the Rev. Edgar Nelson of Mill Valley, and Sherman Thomas of Madera spent a month in South America, mostly in Argentina. In late February, the Rev. Donald Fellers of Asbury Church, Livermore, and the Rev. Robert Lundy of St. Paul's Church, Fresno, were in Alaska for two weeks.

FRONT ROW (left to right): J. Ralph Magee (retired), Evanston, Ill., Clare Purcell (retired), Birmingham, Ala., Gerald Kennedy, Los Angeles, Calif., G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington, D. C., W. Angie Smith, Oklahoma City, Okla., Roy H. Short, Nashville, Tenn., Willis J. King, New Orleans, La., Herbert Welch (retired), New York City, Alexander P. Shaw (retired), Los Angeles, Calif., Robert E. Jones (retired), Waveland, Miss. **SECOND ROW:** Wilbur E. Hammaker (retired), Washington, D. C., Costen J. Harrell (retired), Decatur, Ga., Fred Pierce Corson, Philadelphia, Pa., Frederick Buckley Newell, New York City, William C. Martin, Dallas, Tex., H. Clifford Northcott, Madison, Wis., B. G. Hodge, Birmingham, Ala., A. Raymond Grant, Portland, Ore., Richard C. Raines, Indianapolis, Ind., Glenn R. Phillips, Denver, Colo. **THIRD ROW:** Marshall R. Reed, Detroit, Mich., D. Stanley Coors, St. Paul, Minn., Edwin E. Voigt, Aberdeen, S. D., Eugene M. Frank, St. Louis, Mo., H. Bascom Watts, Lincoln, Neb., W. Earl Ledden, Syracuse, N. Y., Hazen G. Werner, Columbus, Ohio, Lloyd C. Wicke, Pittsburgh, Pa., Paul E. Martin, Little Rock, Ark., Arthur J. Moore, Atlanta Ga. **FOURTH ROW:** F. Gerald Ensley, Des Moines, Iowa, John W. Branscomb, Jacksonville, Fla., M. W. Clair, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., Dana Dawson, Topeka, Kan., Charles W. Brashares, Chicago, Ill. John Wesley Lord, Boston, Mass., Edgar A. Love, Baltimore, Md., A. Frank Smith, Houston, Tex., Donald Harvey Tippett, San Francisco, Calif.

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

MARCH 15, 1958 *Vol. 2, No. 3*

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OUR COVER: Christ in mosaic is a modern example of Byzantine art from Christ Church, Methodist, New York City. (Now turn to page 40.)

Last Chance

for your church to help select

The Methodist Family of the Year

A TYPICAL Methodist family you see here, outfitting the lovely teen-age daughter for Easter. But there's more here than meets the eye—how this family in its home and church and community exemplifies the best in Christian living.

You know such families in your church. And this is your last opportunity to nominate one for the 1958 Methodist Family of the Year. Each Methodist church has been asked to propose one family from its congregation for this honor.

Every reader of TOGETHER—any individual or group of persons in the local church—may suggest a family. The official board of each church will decide the local nomination. (No nominations may be made directly to TOGETHER.) Candidates will be screened by official family-life judges at district, conference, and national levels.

The 1958 Methodist Family of the Year will be guests of TOGETHER at the Third National Conference on Family Life in Chicago, Illinois, October 17 to 19.

Here are the special qualifications for the Family of the Year

1. **Parents age 50 or under.**
2. **Two or more children, at least one teen-ager, baptized and church members, or in Sunday school.**
3. **Family exemplifies inspiring Christian family living.**
4. **Family applies Christian ethics in everyday life.**
5. **Family active in church and community life.**
6. **Family members are known as warm, good neighbors.**

Now think of the families in your church who fit these qualifications. Then get the ball rolling to see that their names come before your official board. Remember, April 18 is the deadline. Your pastor should have complete details and entry blanks. You'll be proud to have your church represented in this selection of the Methodist Family of the Year.

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

ght to the Heart'

TANLEY NEUENSCHWANDER,
astor, Harlan, Ind.

our *Prayers for the Seasons* [Janu- page 35] were wonderful. Since churches are rural, we feel close od through nature. This series went t to the heart of many members. ause the pictures are so typical, we able to place ourselves in the ie and dedicate our life anew.

uesome and Disappointing'

IRS. JOHN DAHLBY
t. Paul, Minn.

have enjoyed TOGETHER and its utiful pictures until I saw *Scenes m the Life of Christ* [by artists of a, December, page 35]. I was horri- at the pictures of our Christ on the s. The one with those artificial- ing eyebrows is not my idea of my ist, either. In fact, the whole collec- is gruesome and disappointing.

rt . . . Toward Good Life'

ARY ANN PARKER
errysburg, N.Y.

garding the Rev. George H. eron's comment [January, page 3] that TOGETHER "gives almost no hint of how to find Christ as Savior," may I express the opinion of one who has never before subscribed to a Christian publication?

TOGETHER is less direct and more subtle than the usual church magazine. It uses the picture-story technique of expressing the principles of Christian living and thus appeals more to those *who most need religious guidance.* Perhaps Mr. Pigueron finds TOGETHER a bit "watered down" merely because he has outgrown it. But let him remember that there are many of us who must start out on the TOGETHER level. TOGETHER's great service is that it starts so many previously indifferent people on the road toward the good life.

Apologies to Mrs. Williams

GENEVIEVE TETER WILLIAMS
Redlands, Calif.

When TOGETHER came, I was annoyed to see myself called a *Methodist Grandma Moses.* [January, page 16]. Why was the spotlight on her? I began my art career when I was 21, so I had been an artist many years before Grandma Moses began to paint. Professionally, I had made my record long ago. . . . My life has been "art for art's sake."

Our apologies! Grandma Moses is self-taught, took up art late in life. Not so Mrs. Williams, aged 90—who long ago went from expert training to a distinguished career as an artist. We salute this remarkable woman!—EDS.

'Eccentric Bequests'

BRADSHAW MINTENER, *Attorney*
Washington, D.C.

Has Your Town a Nest Egg? [February, page 20] is an intriguing article which makes one wonder why some people do as they do with their money as they approach "the last long mile." F. H. Goff's reaction, which caused him to originate a new idea in philanthropy, was natural. I have had the same reaction as I read of large gifts in wills to animal cemeteries and other equally eccentric purposes.

However, we must realize that we are confronted with several important, firmly fixed principles, such as "every American has the right to deal with his property as he wishes."

The fact that so often such large sums are left to these wasteful objectives is a depressing commentary on our sense of values. Surely there are churches, philanthropies, colleges, and other deserving institutions which desperately need money for training young people for tomorrow's leadership.

Norfolk Likes Its Sailors!

VICTOR E. RAMSEY, *Pastor*
Boswell, Ind.

I especially appreciated *Fleet's in—at Church!* [January, page 23]. It meant something special to me. In World War II I was stationed for a while at Norfolk, Va., and I attended the local churches regularly—usually Epworth Methodist in downtown Norfolk. In fact, at 19, I received my first local preacher's license from the Norfolk District at a conference . . . granted upon joint recommendation of my home church, First Methodist in Robinson, Ill., with the endorsement of the Olney district superintendent and the pastor of Epworth Methodist, Norfolk.

The article brought back happy memories of similar experiences in Norfolk, where, contrary to popular Navy rumors, a sailor *is* welcome among decent people.

'Disciples' No Work of Art?

CHARLES R. SIMMONS, *Pastor*
Ridgecrest, Calif.

What a shock to see the collection of photographs of the 12 men labeled "disciples" [October, page 34] called a work of art! Why can't we have the works of the great artists of the past with their creative interpretations of the disciples? Or would it be too much to ask for some evidence in your magazine that there are contemporary artists who lift us above the level of photographic reproduction whether it comes by way of the brush or the camera? . . .

The appearance of TOGETHER is little more challenging than *The Saturday Evening Post* with a Methodist baptism. Ministers have the responsibility of preaching the prophetic words concerning community and culture. Doesn't the magazine which is supposed to strengthen this ministry also have a responsibility to help us look critically at the manifestations of our culture—even Christian art?

More on Christian Symbols?

THOMAS G. HOFFMAN, *Pastor*
Lafayette Hill, Pa.

Looking at the last 14 months' cover pages, . . . I notice a definite lack of Christian symbols . . .

I realize that a book cannot be judged by its cover, but I am also aware that many people see very little beyond the cover. So maybe with the enrichment of life's beauty with Christian symbolisms, as you did with the November picture,

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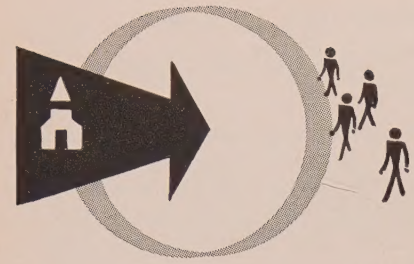

Is *Your* Church Getting Through to the *Un*churched?

As a national organization, perhaps your church is making good headway in missionary activity.

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you could make most of us happy. And then, too, I believe you would have cover pictures that would be worthy of the splendid contents of America's greatest Christian magazine.

To Pastor Hoffman and others who rejoice in the richness of Christian symbolism, we refer you to our February issue, pages 75-76.—EDS.

Who Wrote It?

A. E. HEATHERINGTON
Orlando, Fla.

In regard to *One Solitary Life* [December, page 1], I have a printed copy of this which I have had for a long time. My copy gives the author as Phillips Brooks. I don't know whether this is authentic.

Was Schaff the Author?

HAROLD W. KING
Warren, Ohio

Regarding *One Solitary Life.* You stated that the author is unidentified. In one of my old scrapbooks I found this article credited to Dr. Philip Schaff (1819-1893).

Maybe this will help to clear this matter.

Many readers have sent in the names of men credited with writing One Solitary Life, *prominently including Dr. James Allan Francis, a Baptist minister, and several others. Certainly the writer, whoever he was, deserves more than anonymity.* TOGETHER *is continuing its research to try to ascertain the author.* —EDS.

'Voice of Youth Is Not Heard'

RALPH W. WILSON
Maywood, Ill.

I was pleased to see *Should Teenagers Go Steady?* [January, page 32]. An honest exploration of the problem has long been needed.

I am a high-school senior planning to enter the Methodist ministry and would like to express my gratitude to Howard Whitman for rounding out his work with the youth's point of view. All too often today, the voice of youth is not heard.

Re: 'Barrier of Indifference'

LESTER H. BILL, *Associate Pastor*
Indianapolis, Ind.

Congratulations on the wonderful work you are doing in publishing TOGETHER. I also greatly appreciate the fine material in *The New Christian Advocate.* You are breaking through the barrier of indifference which blocks many people's minds toward Christian ideas. The use of the new word, TOGETHER, is excellent. We need a new psychological approach toward many religious matters, such as "missions" and "prayer meetings," too . . .

Tip to Older Parents

MRS. H. W. MARIS
Pecos, Tex.

We read a lot about the problems of rearing children. Let me tell TOGETHER readers how we met and solved one:

We were at the age when most folks are grandparents when our children came along. We didn't have that smart youthful look of a parent. So we complimented each other often in our children's presence to assure them we were pretty special even if we didn't go in for square dancing and walking shorts. Result, our children proudly accepted their "old-fashioned" parents and even laughed when people mistook us for their grandparents. We avoided any shame that children so often imagine when their parents are compared to others.

To Prison We Go!

HERMAN K. SPECTOR, *Librarian*
California State Prison
San Quentin, Calif.

We are grateful for your kindness in sending six copies a month of TOGETHER for the last year. The interest shown was tremendous for a religious publication. Even our library staff put TOGETHER on top of their must reading. They are of a solid opinion that the issue with the 12 disciples was superior to anything of its kind.

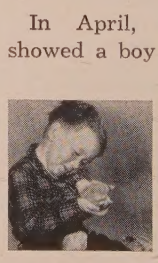
So please accept our heartfelt thanks for your consideration and assistance in helping our men.

Many churches and individuals arrange to send TOGETHER *as a gift to institutions. Have you considered such a gift?*—EDS.

Remember 'Boy and Chick' Cover?

M. C. HART
Long Beach, Calif.

In April, 1957, TOGETHER's cover showed a boy holding a baby chick in his hands. I had this cover framed and now it hangs in my pro shop at the golf course.



There have been many comments on this picture and I don't think I have ever seen a cuter little boy. Is there any way of obtaining extra pictures? If so, kindly quote me prices. I can use a dozen—and I don't care what they cost.

So many readers wanted the "boy and chick" cover to frame, our supply

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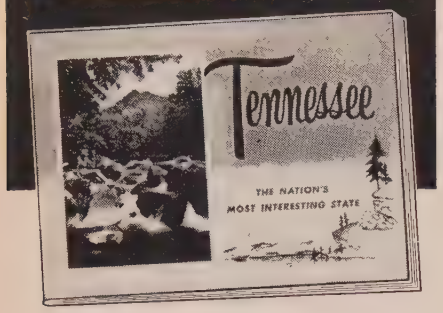

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of that issue was exhausted months ago. But Don, our alert office boy, has just found some over-run extras of the color section. Write TOGETHER's *Reader-Service Section, 740 Rush St., Chicago, enclosing 25 cents apiece, to cover handling costs, for as many copies as you want. First come, first served!*—EDS.

Bishop Kennedy Flattered

SARAH FRANKS
Lisbon, Iowa

While searching for an oratorical declamation for speech contests, I came across Bishop Kennedy's *Our Right to Be Wrong* [December, page 16]. I thought you might like to know that I have decided to give it as a reading.

We're glad to grant Sarah special permission. Bishop Kennedy will be flattered—as we are—that his article will be declaimed.—EDS.

Facing Up to Facts

ERNEST L. BOYD
Wilmette, Ill.

Bishop Kennedy's *Our Right to Be Wrong* brings TOGETHER into full stature as a publication cognizant of, and unafraid to deal with, the most critical issue of the decade. The article brings into focus what I conceive to be the first duty of Christian American citizenship—the duty of evaluating, of exercising independent judgment, and of declining to relinquish the precious prerogatives of freedom of thought, of speech, of competition and of lawful action, including the "right to be wrong" throughout all of those most precious domains of worship and family life.

Mr. Underwood: Penny-wise

R. S. YEOMAN
Whitman Publishing Company
Racine, Wis.

The article, *Dollars for Your Pennies* [January, page 60], was very well-written, and I consider it one of the most practical approaches to this hobby I have ever read. Sometimes writers who are not numismatists place the wrong emphasis on coin values. Mr. Underwood has done a splendid job which I am sure will do a lot of good for the hobby.

No Symbols in Sallman Portrait

MRS. CHARLES W. MOTTRAM, JR.
Nutley, N.J.

We have made a practice of saving any of your pictures which we consider outstanding and the basis for a good Christian home. Among these was a copy of Warner Sallman's portrait of Christ [October, 1956, page 46]. Recently we were discussing this picture with friends. They said that there are seven religious emblems painted in the picture. The only two they could identify were the chalice on the right temple and a wafer on the forehead.

Neither my husband nor I had ever heard of these reported symbols and would appreciate learning more about them. If symbols do appear, were they intentional?

Artist Sallman has had countless reports from people claiming to identify hidden religious symbols in his painting. He tells TOGETHER *that he painted no symbols, hidden or otherwise.*—EDS.

'Together' . . . Key Word

H. I. STRIGHT, *Exec. Secretary*
Minnesota Council of Churches
Minneapolis, Minn.

The key word for the program of our Minnesota Council of Churches is "together." Our slogan, which you will see on our seal, is "Together we build a righteous state." In leaflets and in the *Messenger* we shall constantly carry out the meaning of this word. So we are interested in adoption of "Together" as the name of Methodism's new family magazine.

Uplift in a Spire

MRS. O. K. EVENSEN
Green Bay, Wis.

The November cover is much like a little church I attend when I am at my summer home. It is a Methodist church in a little settlement, Parfreyville, Wis.

I feel that the modern churches are missing something by leaving off the spire in their plans. We can't help but feel an uplift and a thought for better living when we pass a church with a lovely spire.

In Every Member Canvass . . .

RICHARD DRAKE, *Pastor*
Alliance, Ohio

Our Union Avenue Church, with a membership of 943, embarked on the All Family Plan this past year, sending TOGETHER to every family in the parish. This was done as a part of the annual every member canvass program. We have had fine replies from all of our families. The children are reading it, and we make continued reference to it throughout our church life in many ways.

Our Official Board also sends TOGETHER to the Public Library and to each floor of the local hospital and the waiting room. The magazine has been well received at these locations, and we are proud to be a part of this larger program.

Together / NEWSLETTER

THODISM BECOMING A WHITE COLLAR CHURCH? Leaders at the church's Urban Life Convocation in Washington called for a hard-headed look at Methodism's trend in big cities. They agreed the church increasingly draws its membership from the upper bracket income groups, while the membership of laborers and other manual workers is on the decline. Another thing, Methodism is pulling out of downtown to become a suburban church. Dr. W. Vernon Middleton, general secretary of the Division of National Missions, warned: "We must orient our urban program to minister effectively to more than the privileged class, or we must reconcile ourselves to the truth that we have been unable to establish communication with other than the top layer."

THODISTS ROLL UP GAINS IN CUBA. Officials back from a ten-day evangelistic crusade there report 2,357 persons enrolled in membership training classes; 478 new members received. Cuban Methodism has doubled membership to more than 9,000 since 1950.

E BIGGER CHURCH BUILDING BOOM. The nation's architects and artists, interested in church building, predicted at a Detroit meeting that 2,000 new churches will be built this year. (Methodists need one new church a day to keep pace.) Spending for new construction and remodeling may top $1 billion, and definitely will surpass the $866 million spent last year. But soaring church building still lags far behind skyrocketing population and church membership.

ITISH METHODISM LOSING MEMBERS. For the third successive year, church rolls show a drop—almost 3,000 last year—to a low of 739,680. It's the fourth annual loss since 1948.

RE NEWSPAPERS ACCEPT LIQUOR ADS. Only 12 per cent now refuse such advertising, says the Board of Temperance. Five years ago 26 per cent took this position. Apparent reason for the shift: cost-conscious publishers are taking a second look at the impressive $70 million ad budgets set aside by the alcohol beverage industry.

N HALL OF FAME HONORS. The Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes names three to its Hall of Fame in Philanthropy: Jacob Pierce Angle, Kansas City, Kan., for long-time service as trustee of Bethany Hospital in that city; Mrs. Alex E. Lundquist, Minneapolis, for benefactions to Walker Methodist Home; and Albert S. Pratt, Detroit, for 33 years' service as board member of the Methodist Children's Home Society.

SHOP FREDERICK D. LEETE DIES. The 91-year-old minister, one of Methodism's two senior bishops, author of more than 15 books, and founder of the Methodist Historical Library, began preaching in Upstate New York. Later, as bishop, he headed Methodists in Southern and Midwestern states until his retirement in 1936.

(More church news, page 64)

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A noted preacher and writer proves by logic the answer to an old, thought-provoking question each one must ask:

Where Are Our Loved Ones After Death?

By NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

A WOMAN of past middle age came to visit me. "I ve a difficult problem," she said. "Three of the most tinguished physicians in New York have told me that ust undergo a serious operation not later than Mon- morning, and that this operation may mean my th. They told me frankly, because I asked them for truth."

She had the quality of personality that could take the th, no matter how grim. "I lost my son in the war," said as she showed me his picture. "I ask you, sir, if lie as a result of this operation on Monday, will I see u again?"

She looked me squarely in the eye, searching for any definiteness or evasiveness. I looked squarely in her es and told her: "It is my positive belief, based upon nat I know of Jesus Christ, that you will see him ain."

"How soon will that be after I go?" she asked.

"I wish I could say," I replied, "but if your son were a foreign country and you went to see him, you would obably make for him just as soon as the ship had nded, wouldn't you?

"You will find him. It can't be long, for love can never e its own."

She continued, "I have a husband and a daughter. If lie, I will see my son. If I live, I will be with them and timately we will all meet on the other side. Is that the y it is?"

"Yes," I said. "You are in a very fortunate position. Regardless of what happens, you still have all your family for both now and then."

"God is very good," she said slowly.

When she stood up to leave, I took her by the hand and said, "You are one of the greatest personalities I have ever met."

Quietly, rationally, simply, she was getting ready for a journey. When she left me, she went to a photographer and had her picture taken. Later I saw those photographs and there was a light on her face. Next, she saw her lawyer, and even made arrangements for her funeral. Then, quietly and in utter peace, she went to the hospital, where she submitted to the operation; but, despite the best skill of modern science, due to that inscrutable force we call the will of God, she passed on. Today, I believe, she is with both her son over there and her loved ones here.

I cannot prove this; long ago I got over the idea that, as a preacher of Christian religion, I have to prove everything. The man who disagrees can't disprove it. Although I cannot prove it scientifically, I can do so by a logic which goes beyond so-called scientific argument. It is the deep intimation and logic of the human soul, which, in the final analysis, is the ultimate secret and source of truth. What we feel inwardly in the logic of experience is true. The gospel of Christ tells us that death is a natural experience in the love of God.

Is TV a Monster in Your Home?

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Author and authority on home problems

TODAY THE PROBLEM for parents is not so much what's available on TV but how to control the selection. The arguments about a cheap Western with 15 murders in 15 minutes vs. the educational values of Disneyland have reached an impasse. There's good and bad on television. We—or our children—must make our own choices.

So the question now is how to manage the TV monster. Television has been lauded for re-establishing home life for our youngsters. But there are also those who claim it has kidnaped them in their own living rooms.

Let's be realistic. TV is here to stay. It is something new added to the permanent fixtures of living, as the car was added in the last generation and indoor plumbing in the generation before. Something new has moved into our living room and we *can* learn how to live with it.

TV spreads before children an alluring fare, some fine and wholesome, some mediocre, and some downright harmful.

But can't children regulate their TV viewing by themselves? Some can. But most children need help in this, as in crossing the street or learning to swim. Note this pertinent observation of the Child Study Association of America:

"In those homes where children seem to profit most from television, the family has worked out both the amount of time which the children normally watch television and the types of programs—in some instances, the specific programs."

Parents don't question their role in helping to regulate the number of hours a child sleeps, or practices the piano, or plays outdoors, or does homework. They are diligent in the regulation of eating. TV viewing is just as needful of guidance.

What shall our standards be? Is one hour a day enough? Or too much? What about three hours? Four hours? Just because they're free, shall we have daily telethons in our living rooms?

No outsider can fix the specific hours for your family. You are the expert on that. But here is a plan which I've tried with my own two children. It works. I call it the "Choice Chart System."

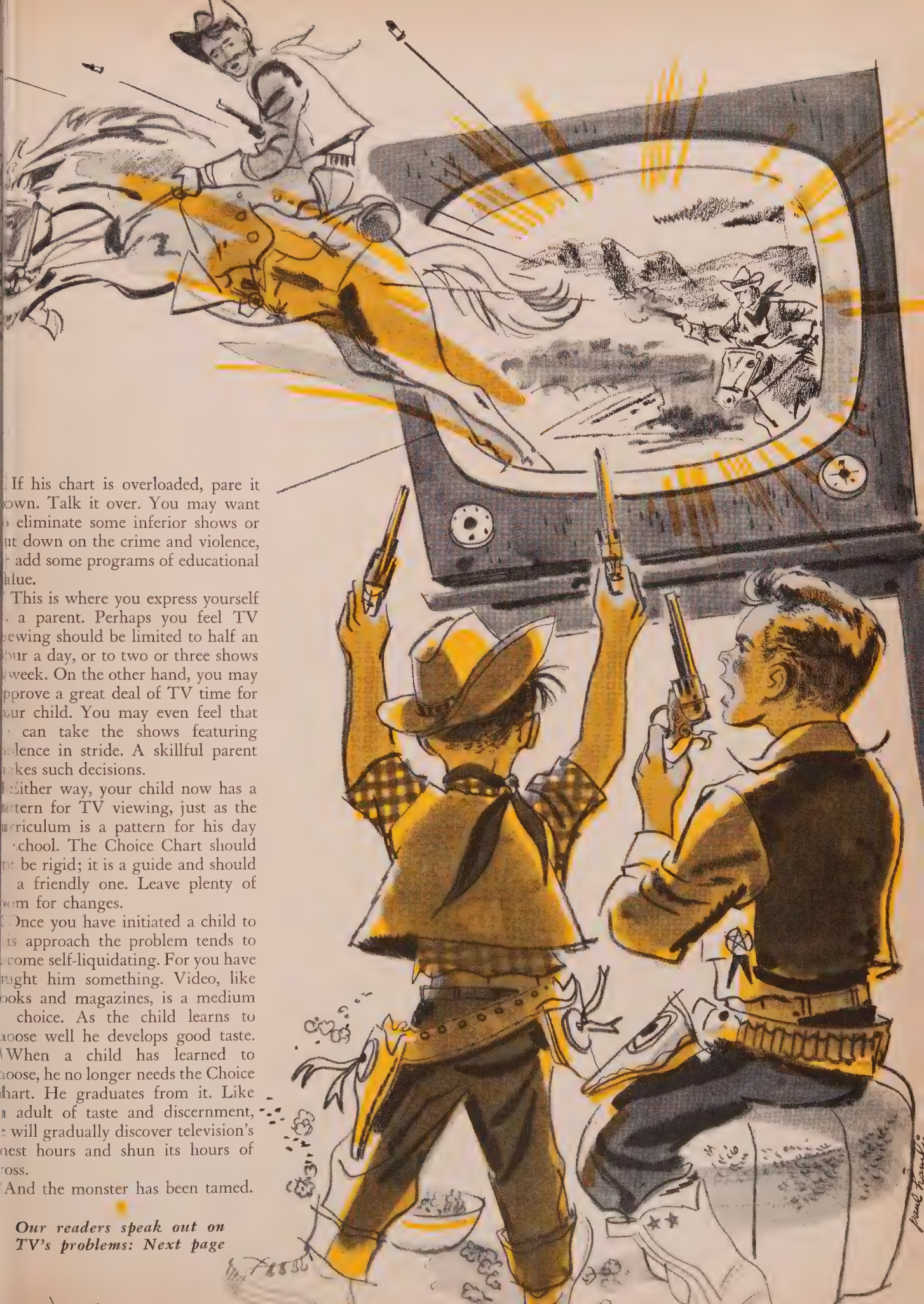
Ask your child to draw up a chart with seven vertical columns, one for each day of the week. Then have him divide it horizontally into the hours of the day, from after school until bedtime.

Have him fill in the chart with all the programs he would like to see for the week. Don't limit him; let him choose anything and everything.

Already you have achieved something. You have put the child to the task of studying the program offerings and thinking about them—the first step toward becoming a discriminating viewer rather than a channel flipper.

Now study the Choice Chart with him. This will acquaint you with the programs your child chooses. You will find yourself asking him questions, talking over the choices. Probably you will watch a few programs to satisfy yourself about them.

Then comes the final shaping of the Choice Chart. If your child has chosen reasonable fare, with a sprinkling of good, wholesome programs and not too much of the electronic comic-book offerings, you may be able to accept the chart as is. Perhaps he will end up with a total of an hour to an hour and a half a day, with some special programs for Friday night and the weekend, and this may fit in well with your family routine.



If his chart is overloaded, pare it own. Talk it over. You may want eliminate some inferior shows or ut down on the crime and violence, add some programs of educational lue.

This is where you express yourself a parent. Perhaps you feel TV ewing should be limited to half an ur a day, or to two or three shows week. On the other hand, you may prove a great deal of TV time for ur child. You may even feel that can take the shows featuring lence in stride. A skillful parent kes such decisions.

ither way, your child now has a tern for TV viewing, just as the rriculum is a pattern for his day chool. The Choice Chart should be rigid; it is a guide and should a friendly one. Leave plenty of m for changes.

Once you have initiated a child to is approach the problem tends to come self-liquidating. For you have ught him something. Video, like ooks and magazines, is a medium choice. As the child learns to oose well he develops good taste. When a child has learned to oose, he no longer needs the Choice hart. He graduates from it. Like adult of taste and discernment, will gradually discover television's est hours and shun its hours of oss.

And the monster has been tamed.

Our readers speak out on TV's problems: Next page

Is TV a Monster in Your Home?

Here readers say what they think.

Wouldn't Be Without

TV is another of God's great gifts. I have three teen-age boys, wards of the state, living with me. My system for TV viewing is simple. The boys can watch, when their chores and homework are done, until bedtime, which is a set hour each night.—*Mrs. Avery Main, Gales Ferry, Conn.*

A Baby Sitter Speaks

I'm 18 and baby-sit a great deal. I have noticed that at first, as with any new thing, the children can't bear to leave TV for a moment. But after the newness wears off they usually are content to watch when there is nothing else to do. In homes where parents feel their children watch too much TV they might try playing together with them.—*Doris Bouton, Topeka, Kan.*

Answer: Planning?

We make it a point to plan family outings—picnics, skating, bike hikes, swimming, movies, and reading out loud—with our four children. This doesn't leave much time for indiscriminate TV watching.—*Mrs. Robert Jackson, Franklin Park, Ill.*

Doesn't Have . . . Doesn't Miss

So far we do not have TV in our home and do not plan to buy one until the children have finished school. Every time I see TV the stupidity of the program convinces me that we are not missing much by keeping it out. —*F. J. Belinfante, Lafayette, Ind.*

Programs by Vote

There is a firm rule in our home: Not later than 8 P.M., TV is shut off. If there is schoolwork to do, it comes first. Cowboy pictures are all right. The good man always wins out and that teaches youngsters a lesson. If my four youngsters argue about which picture to see, we vote and that's it. —*Mrs. Gertrude W. Monk, Pittsburg, Calif.*

Harm Outweighs Benefits

TV has great possibilities for education if rightly used. However, it can monopolize time needed for work, thought, conversation, creative activity, and prayer.

The effect on the young people and children of so much advertising of cigarettes and alcoholic beverages, and of the shoot-and-kill programs, surely is bad. The benefits are far outweighed by the harm.—*Allen W. Corwin, Wellsville, N.Y.*

'Excellent Family Programs'

Our son, 13, says TV has been a great help to him in keeping up on world events. Our little girl, six, enjoys some children's programs. There are some excellent family programs on Sunday mornings before church. TV is a monster only when Mother and Dad no longer control what goes on in their home and fail to have any family activity during the children's leisure hours.—*Mrs. J. O. Armstrong, Pineville, Mo.*

No TV, More Fellowship

Last spring the picture tube on our TV set went blooey and we suddenly rediscovered family life. We had been trying to cram it in between commercials. Now we're one of those odd families which does not have TV. We can practically hear visitors sigh in alarm when they discover the fact, but after an evening of warm fellowship we know they haven't missed the loudmouthed cyclops a bit.—*Mrs. Paul Kline, Jr., Anderson, Ind.*

By Invitation Only

TV poses no problems in our home. I believe the reason is that our children reflect their parents' attitude toward it. We have three girls, seven, five, and three. Our children seem to sense that if television is on and capturing our attention it has intruded on their rights, and their behavior degenerates until the set is turned off.

Television does not run routinely in our home; it is brought into the home only by invitation for specific programs which we think will merit our attention and that of our children.—*P. D. Adams, MD, Osage City, Kan.*

5 Hours a Week

Here is how we handle television—and it works:

Our set is in the basement recreation room, in a cabinet that closes when not in use. When the door is closed the empty screen is forgotten. We keep a schedule pasted on the kitchen wall listing every program the children may see—a total viewing time of five hours a week. This is decided with the children, 11 and 7, with the understanding that they must make choices. —*Margaret Hassig, Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Twist of Wrist

TV can be switched off as well as on with the twist of the wrist. If a parent does not have the strength or courage to turn a little dial, he deserves to be ruled by TV.

The children and I enjoy many good shows on TV. However, when there is work for mother to do or homework for the children, TV becomes a silent partner.—*Mrs. B. Schmiedeke, Pittsburgh, Penna.*

Methodists Can Set Pace

Methodists are, after all, a minority. We cannot dictate to all America, but we can live decently as we choose. To solve the questions here considered, we must be masters of our homes and our children. Also, we must provide for the void we create. If a series of TV programs is prohibited, the family must provide acceptable substitutes through family activities enjoyed together.—*Stanley L. Grimes, Portland, Ore.*

Thanks, Mr. Disney!

A few years ago there were almost no movies suitable for children and TV had not yet appeared. Then came Walt Disney—a person with a delightful sense of youthful enchantment, a keen interest in God's world, and, I am sure, a real love for children. . . . As a mother, I would like publicly to thank this gentleman, unique in this age of materialism.—*Jane N. Miller, Alexandria, Va.*

'Deserves Much Credit'

We have found that by careful selection of programs, TV can successfully supplement a child's education and recreation in the home. We find it works well when the children are watching to consult the local TV listings before each change of program and to offer them a choice of desirable shows. . . .

Since TV offers such a wide variety of entertainment for the whole family, it certainly deserves much credit for helping families to spend more time at home together.—*Mrs. Harlan Middlebrook, Cresco, Iowa*

What Is A Methodist Bishop?

By T. OTTO NALL, Editor, *New Christian Advocate*

CHANCES ARE you recognized at least one of the 39 men pictured in color on the inside cover. You may have heard this man preach a time or two, and you may have been impressed by his eloquence. Or you may have seen him only at a ground breaking or a church dedication. Or you may have read our article, *Methodism's Man on the Move* [January, page 28].

The Discipline of The Methodist Church refers to him as "chief pastor." John Wesley preferred "general superintendent." But to most laymen and ministers he is known as the bishop. The word for "bishop" in both Greek and Latin simply means "overseer," which is exactly what a Methodist bishop is.

There are 54 such men in the world. The U.S., with its greatest concentration of Methodists, has 37. Some 20 bishops now in retirement are not included in this figure. The number of bishops in America has grown steadily with population and church membership.

Your bishop is a traveling, preaching, writing, superintending, and presiding man. His is the ultimate human responsibility for the growth and spiritual welfare of the church throughout the world. Oddly enough, he has no chance for advancement. When he becomes a bishop he has gone as high as he can in The Methodist Church.

The bishop is pastor to the preacher—and it is within his power to move the minister to any church in his area. But he is a warm, understanding, democratic man who would rather not be held in awe.

He is an elected officer of the church, chosen for his special qualifications as a leader, writer, speaker, thinker, administrator. He may have all or some of these talents, but in all probability he is an eloquent preacher of the gospel.

The bishop has several right-hand men in his area. These are the district superintendents, whom he appoints. He has the final say in the appointment of ministers, but usually goes along with the recommendation of the district superintendent.

He is not a "holy man" in the accepted meaning of the term. But he has authority from which there is no appeal except on matters of church law, which go to the Judicial Council. He does not "run" the church. He administers the laws handed to him by the General Conference, which meets every four years. He cannot make laws or initiate programs other than those set forth by laymen and ministers in the General Conference. In the Conference he has no vote.

A bishop is elected for life by the ministers and lay people of his own jurisdictional conference. He can expect to retire after the jurisdictional conference nearest his 70th birthday.

He is assigned to his area by a committee of ministers and lay people. His salary is $12,500 a year, minus 3 per cent retirement pay, plus some expenses.

He receives no special deference, but his constituents hold him in high regard. He is seldom seen in the formal attire of his office. He does not always agree with his brothers when he meets with them in council, usually twice a year.

The strength of the episcopacy depends on his mental, moral, and physical stamina. He is dedicated to a dual purpose—the ultimate salvation of man and the building of Christ's kingdom on earth. To this end he is consecrated in a ceremony which concludes with these questions: "Will you be faithful in ordaining and appointing others; will you seek to deal justly and kindly with your brethren of the ministry over whom you are placed as chief pastor?"

FROM consecration on, as Bishop Gerald Kennedy points out in *The Methodist Way of Life* (Prentice Hall, $3.50), a bishop is called on for more qualities than any one man should be expected to possess. He must study and meditate without ceasing, for he has many sermons to preach in many pulpits. If he writes, he must sandwich the chore among a multitude of others. He must make decisions affecting thousands.

A bishop is called on to raise large sums for church extension in his area and the world. He must inspire his preachers to do their best, often in the face of overwhelming odds and heartbreaking frustration.

In the final balance, when a bishop's works are weighed, he will not be judged by the sermons he has preached, the money he has raised, the colleges he has built, or the momentous decisions he has made. The final test of his service will be in the effect he has had for good in the local community through the local church.

Immortal Story

By FELIX R. McKNIGHT

Palm Sunday:

day of great triumph

THE 33-YEAR-OLD son of a carpenter rode triumphantly astride a restless colt through Jerusalem's gates 1,929 years ago today—acclaimed as the prophesied Messiah.

Thousands of the faithful hurried along the streets, tossing their mantles and palm branches on the rough stones before the young, sad-eyed Jesus of Nazareth, crying out

"Hosanna to the Son of David."

The day was magnificent in its beauty. It was April and spring. The Sabbath sun's brilliance sparkled across vineyards and orchards. Velvety blue skies canopied the countryside.

Only a few hours before, Jesus had gathered around him on the nearby Mount of Olives, at Bethpage village, his 12 disciples. He told them of his fate, that he was to be outraged, struck and spit upon, and finally put to death.

It seemed incredible to his followers. But Jesus calmed them. Death was to be the promise of a second, and greater, life and his passion was to insure eternal freedom of man. So with a beckoning gesture he started his triumphal march upon Jerusalem—a condemned man who thrice had escaped death but who now chose it to save mankind.

The crowd swelled like a mad river out of its banks as the procession neared Jerusalem. The faithful, caught in a great moment of hope, slashed palm branches and boughs of myrtle from the forests and waved them high.

The din grew and some feared a riot at the gates. The Pharisees, gathered to prepare the sacrifice of the Passover, hurried to the scene and drew cloaks about troubled faces as they heard the rolling shout:

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven and glory in the highest!"

The first Christian legion storming Jerusalem's gates irked the Pharisees and some cried out at this strange Jesus of Nazareth.

"Master, rebuke thy disciples!"

But the answer withered them, rang like a challenge of war:

"If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out!"

Stones? The stones of dusty streets which had twice been hurled at Jesus in murder attempts. The desert stones which he had refused to turn into loaves of bread upon the dare of his enemy. The issue was made. On he rode, the trace of a smile on his gentle face as he raised his head slightly to acknowledge the drumming hosannas.

A tear dropped on his cheek. He was crying softly to himself, not in self-pity; not for the suffering he would endure; not for the shame he knew he faced; not for the death that awaited him a few days hence.

No. He sorrowed not for himself, but for the poor souls who were about to perjure and compromise themselves at the altar of unbelief. Knowing that the Scripture must be fulfilled, that the prophecy must come to pass, he knew they would do just that.

Meanwhile, the Pharisees called hurried councils among the chief priests and scribes to discuss the threat this carpenter's son had brought to their midst. The throngs that tearfully shouted at his heels disturbed them. He was a menace to be destroyed.

But Jesus, marching ironically in triumph to his doom, heard only the joyous shout that pounded over Jerusalem—even to the walls of the Temple on the hill; the Temple filled with sin.

"Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Tomorrow he would lash from the Temple of God the money-changers, the bankers, the vendors who dared to invade the house of the Lord.

Monday Before Easter:

day of authority

JESUS OF NAZARETH strode up the dusty Jerusalem street to the Temple of God, flanked by his fervent followers. On the hilltop, the Temple beckoned in deceiving brilliance. But his gentle heart flamed into righteous indignation as he drew near. He saw what he had feared. Sin had occupied the house of the Lord.

Greed was etched in the faces of the money-changers who ran dirty hands through bowls of silver and copper. Herdsmen hawked their wares in the filth of their flocks. Vendors shouted raucously beside their pigeon coops.

Oxen bellowed against a backdrop of bleating lambs. Against the din, he stood in scorn and viewed it all. The house of prayer now was a house of Mammon, and money-changers cheated and lied and became the tools of priests.

No longer could he restrain his scorn. The gentlest of all men seized a knotted rope and lashed his way through the market place. He stung evil backs and upset benches of the money-changers. Copper and silver coins clattered to the floor and rolled away. Greedy men bawled in astonishment.

Herdsmen stampeded oxen and sheep through the Temple doors and vendors tumbled to the floor beside upset coops. The babble drew others from nearby courtyards and the clamor rose at the sight of this man cleansing the Temple of God.

He stood majestically brandishing his whip and with the last of the money-changers crawling from the Temple, loudly called after them:

"My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of robbers and thieves!"

And suddenly the courts were cleared and there was peace.

Soon, in the new quiet of the Temple, there came the blind and the lame. Boys of the neighborhood, possibly choir boys, cautiously slipped in to see this man who had driven evil from holy walls.

The chief priests and scribes of the Pharisees, drawn to the Temple by the act of Jesus of Nazareth, watched incredibly while he healed the afflicted. They frowned uncomfortably when little children cried and joyously shouted:

"Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Indignantly the priests called out to him:

"Do you hear what they say?"

And Jesus answered:

"Why are they saying this of me? Haven't you read in the Scriptures: 'You have drawn praise from the mouths of children and infants'!"

And that silenced the Pharisees. But it taunted them and it was that night that they banded together and conceived the bribing of a betrayer—and the cross. It was a delicate plot to plan, for the people had accepted Jesus as the Messiah and hung upon his every word.

On that day Jesus, weary and faint of hunger, walked near Bethany. He saw a fig tree and sought to satisfy his hunger. But the tree was barren of fruit and he grew indignant. He spoke that no more fruit would grow on that tree.

Matthew reported the tree withered at once. John told that when they passed it the next day it had perished. But in any event it could not suffer his ire.

Jesus told his followers it was but a lesson—that men needed to realize a simple faith, a faith in God which rests on him alone.

He was trying to tell them that the fig tree was like Jerusalem which, with its foliage, was magnificent in its welcome on the day of his triumphant Sabbath entry. But, actually, it had not received him, did not understand his visitation, and was as barren as the tree he had spurned.

And then he went to Bethany for a night of quiet.

Tuesday Before Easter:

day of controversy

IT WAS TO BE a bitter and full day for Jesus of Nazareth—the Tuesday before Easter, last day of his public ministry.

So with the dawn over Bethany he arose, gathered his disciples, and started for the Temple of God he had cleansed the day before.

Jerusalem was feverish.

It had heard in every house how Jesus drove the wicked from the house of the Lord. The poor rejoiced and left the alleys; leprous beggars lurched toward the Temple; craftsmen long suffering at the hands of the rich closed their shops.

The courts were overflowing as he walked in one of the porches to begin his teaching. The lame and the poor watched imploringly. The multitude belonged to Jesus that day.

But he was not to be without enemies. In small groups the Pharisees and scribes who plotted his death filtered into the courtyard. They were haughty sights. Sneering mouths, scorn in their eyes, tilted chins.

Jesus paused and awaited their attack. He knew why they had come. He knew their cunning. Soon one of them shouted:

"By what authority do you preach—and who gave this authority?"

Jesus' answer shamed them and the multitude was pleased.

"I would ask you a question. If you answer, I will tell you by what authority I do these things. The baptism of John—whence was it? From heaven or from men?"

The Pharisees were shaken. If they answered "from heaven" he would ask, "Why did you not believe him?" If they answered "from men" they would be stoned, for the people were persuaded John was a prophet. So they shamefully said:

"We know not."

And Jesus said:

"Neither will I tell you by what authority I do these things."

Again the Pharisees tried cunning. One asked: *"Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar? Why pay taxes?"*

Jesus deliberated. To have said, "No" would have been to command rebellion. To have said, "Yes" would have belied his own claim to Messiahship. But he knew well of their hypocrisy. He took a coin and said: *"What is Caesar's give to Caesar, and what is God's to God."*

The Pharisees left the Temple. And the solution Jesus gave has settled for all time the principles underlying it.

Jesus paused for rest on nearby steps and watched the multitude cast money into the treasury. He saw a pauper widow give two mites, the smallest of coins, and knew that her sacrifice was the greatest of all. Their glances met and Jesus was pleased, although he did not speak.

Their silence was a tryst for heaven.

The day was long and Jesus tired. He silenced the Sadducees when questioned on resurrection and then the Pharisees reappeared to plague him on the law.

"What command is the greatest of the commandments?" they asked.

"You must love God with all your heart and all your soul and all your mind. There is a second. You must love your neighbor as yourself. There is none other commandment greater than these."

The evening came and Jesus wearied. He had told many parables and had attempted to correct many errors. It was then that he met the approach of the proselytes, Greeks who had married into Judaism. They wanted to become disciples of the Lord of Righteousness. They sent a messenger, Philip Bethsaida, accompanied by Andrew.

And Gentile converts were granted the right to worship and praise Christ. Jesus said unto Philip and Andrew: *"The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified. If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am there shall also my servant be. If any man serve me, him will the Father honor . . ."*

And Jesus, perhaps the fullest day of his life ended—he had denounced woe on the Pharisees and scribes, he had foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and his own suffering on the cross—returned to the home of Lazarus in Bethany.

Wednesday Before Easter:

day of retirement

ON WEDNESDAY of his Passion Week, Jesus of Nazareth sought seclusion in the quiet of friendly Bethany homes. No record of events of this day in his life is known.

But wicked schemers, the troubled Pharisees and scribes who feared the challenging power of the Son of David, met to plan details of his death.

To assassinate him openly would bring down the plague of the people. Betrayal and crucifixion; that was the plan. The right moment had to be found.

To the court of the high priest, Caiaphas, went the plotters to counsel together. The Sanhedrin, supreme council of the capital's ruling chiefs, was crowded with priests who benefited from the Temple's merchandising, scribes who tended the law, and elders who represented the middle class.

Why did this group seek the death of Jesus?

Greed and personal interests were the underlying causes.

Intertwined in every business in Jerusalem, from the high to the low, was religion. The high priests were beneficiaries of tithes, taxes from Temple trading, food from sacrificial animals, and even from payments for first-born infants.

It was their privilege to take from herds and crops. Under the law, even the bread on their tables came from Jews who were compelled to give the twenty-fourth part of the bread baked in their homes. They sold animals to be used in sacrificial offerings. They formed secret partnerships with the money-changers.

Shamefully, the Temple of God became a bartering post, around which was wrapped the very life of Jerusalem. Off the Temple lived the priests and the wealthy. Merchants depended upon the priests and the rich and the millions of pilgrims drawn from over the world to the tainted house of worship.

The poor existed from scraps dropped them by those who desecrated the Temple.

To challenge this violation of God's house came Jesus. His teachings substituted love of man for every mercenary scheme and threatened the continued existence of an infamous network.

Many attempts to trap him with cunning questions had failed. Jerusalem was crowded with foreigners for the sacrifice of the Passover and tens of thousands were either listening to or hearing of his teachings. It troubled the Pharisees.

Only Nicodemus arose in the Sanhedrin to attempt defense of Jesus. But he was quieted by fearful shouts of others that if Jesus were permitted to continue his teachings and gather great followings, the Romans would come in conquering strength and seize the nation.

Finally the decision was made.

Jesus was to be seized before the Passover. But they were cowardly and still feared the wrath of the people. Many schemes were discussed for the actual murder, but it was decided against assassination on the day of the Passover "an uproar among the people."

But on the next day came a traitor to solve their problem.

Judas Iscariot, one of the 12 disciples, was to betray his Master for 30 pieces of silver—a modest sum for an avaricious man. It could not have been more than $20.

A small price for a man's life.

And no one knows to this day the mystery of Judas Iscariot. We know only:

"Then entered Satan into Judas."

Maundy Thursday:

day of fellowship

THIRTY PIECES of silver were to be his doom before the day's end, but Jesus of Nazareth tediously planned Maundy Thursday for last moments of fellowship and prayer with his disciples.

Not many hours of life remained for him. He was to be betrayed, given mock trial, and crucified before tomorrow's sunset.

So it was his wish that he should gather for the last time his disciples, but no worldly goods were his and he

had no home for such fellowship. He directed two disciples to go into Jerusalem and follow a man bearing a pitcher and in his home they would dine.

Many men bore pitchers of water from Shiloh on that day, but the disciples followed the first they saw and it was as he said. Arrangements were made.

In the evening came Jesus and sat with his disciples for the Lord's Supper and the Passover feast. It was the first day of unavened bread. To prove his love for those he was soon to ave, Jesus stooped and washed the dusty feet of his disples. Protests arose but he said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, a servant is not greater an his Lord; neither one that is sent greater than he that nt him. If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do em."

In his sadness he gave them a new commandment:

"Love one another, even as I have loved you. Greater ve hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for s friends . . ."

And he took the bread and broke it in prayer and gave to them, saying:

"This is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me."

And he took the cup and gave thanks and handed it to apostle:

"Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the new venant which is shed for many . . ."

Great lines furrowed his face and he shocked his disples when he gazed at them sadly and, in his sorrow, told em directly:

"Verily, I say unto you that one of you will betray me."

The disciples searched each other's faces and were sorwful. They quickly pleaded to know the identity of the trayer. Judas Iscariot, the 30 pieces of silver even then htly wrapped on his person, managed somehow to ask us brazenly:

"Is it I, Lord?"

In answer, Jesus said:

"He it is for whom I shall dip the sop and give it to . . ."

And Jesus handed the sop to Judas Iscariot, who fled into night. Then Jesus began his farewell conversation with remaining disciples who were low in spirit and heavy of rt:

"Let not your heart be troubled. He who believes in God, lieves also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; it were not so I would have told you, for I go to prepare place for you . . ."

The supper was ended and Jesus took with him to the rden of Gethsemane Peter and James and John. He plored them earnestly to stay with him and keep a watch he prayed.

And he fell to the ground and cried to God:

"Father, all things are possible unto Thee; remove this p from me!"

But only an angel appeared to give him strength and in ony he prayed until blood and sweat coursed down his t cheeks. He wearily arose and walked back to find the ree weary disciples lost in sleep. Not even his trusted ends could stand watch, it seemed, now that the hours of agony and tribulation were at hand. Events were moving rapidly.

He peered down at the sleepers and whispered:

"Sleep on now and take your rest. Behold, the hour is at hand and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

Out of the shadows came Judas Iscariot in the light of lanterns. Swords rattled from scabbards of the motley rabble at his side. For 30 pieces of silver Judas Iscariot was to identify Jesus with a kiss.

So he walked straightway to him and kissed his cheek. And Jesus asked:

"Friend, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

The guards rushed forward and Simon Peter drew his sword and slashed an ear off the high priest's servant. Quickly Jesus said:

"Suffer ye them thus far."

And he touched the ear and healed it.

The disciples fled in confusion and fear, and Jesus was led away to the house of Annas. At that moment his death sentence neared.

And Judas Iscariot fled into the night and hanged himself.

Good Friday:

day of long suffering

THE DAY HAD COME—mockery, insults, the fiction of a legal trial, boundless pain, betrayal, and finally death on the cross.

It was the day of suffering for Jesus Christ.

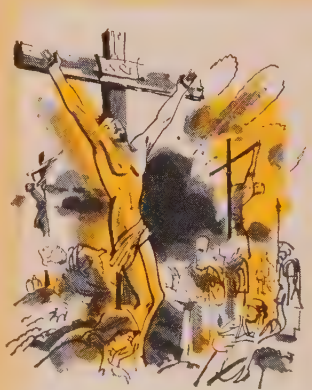
Dawn was lifting the shades on that Friday when Jesus, insulted and slapped in the home of Annas, was bound and led away to the palace of Caiphas, high priest, a step on the last path to the cross.

The day's first grief came when Peter, frightened and confused, stoutly denied in Caiaphas' courtyard that he was a disciple of Christ, that he even knew him. A distant cock crew and Peter gazed into Jesus' face and remembered his words:

"Before the cock crows twice thou shalt deny me thrice."

And Peter stumbled into the streets and wept bitterly, his face hidden in his cloak.

Into the crowded Sanhedrin Jesus, alone now and wrists bound with rope, was shoved to hear perjurers testify before Caiaphas. Two of them swore they had heard him say in the Temple of God:



"I will destroy this temple that is made with hands and in three days I will build another made without hands."

But Jesus answered nothing; nothing until his own words condemned him in the eyes of these evil schemers.

Caiaphas crooked a finger toward him and asked:

"Art thou the Son of God?"

And Jesus wrote his own death sentence:

"Ye say that I am. I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see

the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming with the clouds of heaven."

Caiaphas shouted:

"Ye have heard the blasphemy. What think ye?"

Death! Death! Death! That was the verdict.

Jesus, exhausted and blindfolded, dried blood still on his cheek, stood with the guards. A passing scribe spat on him. The rabble of servants and guards gleefully followed suit. And then they played blind man's buff—striking him in his blindness and demanding that he identify his assailants without sight if he were really a prophet.

But soon they tired and Jesus was taken before Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, for confirmation of his sentence. The Pharisees falsely testified again and Pilate, unwilling to shoulder the responsibility, sent him to Herod when he told him he was a Galilean. But Jesus was silent before Herod and the mob returned him to Pilate.

Pilate, defending Jesus through hate of Caiaphas, not love, offered Barabbas, an assassin, in exchange for Jesus, but the throng still clamored for his death. So Pilate had him stripped and arrayed in a purple garment, and the soldiers in the courtyard placed a crown of thorns upon his head and a reed in his right hand.

And they spat upon him and mocked him with:

"Hail, King of the Jews!"

And finally Pilate, fearful of the rising tumult, delivered him unto the mob and washed his hands in water, saying:

"I am innocent of the blood of this man, see ye to it!"

Down the stony streets Jesus trudged, bearing his own cross. Two thieves followed, also doomed to crucifixion. Sobbing women, old men, children followed, crying. But Jesus urged them not to weep for him.

No longer could his strength hold. He fell to the street under his cross. Only gasps of breath showed life.

The Pharisees cast about in the crowd and picked one Simon to lift his cross that the procession might not be delayed. Outside the city's walls—capital punishment was illegal in the city itself—came the tragic, broken Jesus of Nazareth to a place called Golgotha, scene of the Crucifixion.

Four soldiers readied Jesus and the two thieves. Ropes under his arms lifted him to the cross and nails were driven into his hands and feet.

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do . . ."

And one of the repentant thieves moaned in agony as Jesus comforted him.

"Today shall thou be with me in paradise . . ."

Away from the howling men, fearful of it all, stood his mother, Mary. To John and Mary, Jesus whispered:

"Woman, behold thy son; son, behold thy mother!"

Midnight darkness came and the sun was obscured. Many fled in fear, but some lingered. The parched lips moved again and at the ninth hour he said:

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Dust and blood coated his lips:

"I thirst . . ."

And a vile soldier dipped a reed in vinegar and brushed it to his mouth.

"It is finished . . ."

The body trembled and the lips parted in final agony:

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit . . ."

And his head bowed and he gave up the ghost.

Suddenly, told Matthew, an earthquake struck and the curtain of the Temple was torn from top to bottom. The earth shook and rocks were splintered. Tombs opened and bodies of saints were raised.

The people, in fear and awe, beat their breasts and cried:

"Truly, this was the Son of God!"

Saturday:

day of everlasting sorrow

JESUS CHRIST was dead. Man's freedom had been assured. Three crosses stood in Golgotha's darkness and only one of the two thieves breathed. The crowd had fled and in the shadows lingered only the three Marys.

To Pilate hurried those who demanded that the legs of the crucified be broken at once and the bodies buried.

It was ordered and as was the custom to hasten the death of the crucified, a soldier broke the legs of the living thief. Jesus was dead, but John told that his side was pierced with a spear in a last gesture of cruelty.

Two notables of Jerusalem, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, went before Pilate in the secrecy of darkness and asked for the body of Jesus. Pilate, mindful that some of the crucified lived many hours in agony, was astonished that he should be dead.

So he called before him the excutioner and, being assured of his death, gave unto Joseph the body of Jesus. And Joseph took fine white linen bands and returned to Golgotha where he met Nicodemus, whose servant bore many pounds of myrrh. It was a dark and sinister night, and the two set out flaming torches.

Slowly they lifted him from the cross and placed his body on the knees of Mary, who had borne him. And then they carried him to Joseph's nearby garden, where a sepulcher had been hewn from rock for Joseph's family. It was to be the burial place of Jesus Christ.

Water was brought from the well and his body washed. The three Marys lifted from his bloodied brow the crown of thorns Pilate's soldiers had woven in mockery. They smoothed his long hair and tenderly washed his many wounds.

The pounds of myrrh were touched to his body and the winding linen was wrapped about him and he was laid deep in a subterranean passageway intended for Joseph's body.

It was done and they kissed his forehead and departed.

But the three Marys lingered at the entrance to the sepulcher, where Joseph and Nicodemus had closed the opening with a great stone. They were troubled and could not leave him alone.

One by one they prayed and then it is told that they recounted many stories of his kindness and his acts. But the night was cold and black, and finally, weeping, they went away.

Death had not eased the hearts of the wicked Pharisees and they still worried over the words of Jesus when he said:

"After three days I shall rise again."

So they hastened to Pilate and urged that he act.

"Command that the sepulcher be made sure until the third day lest his disciples come and steal him away and say unto the people, 'He is risen from the dead.' And then the last error would be worse than the first."

Pilate answered:

"Ye have a guard; go, make it as sure as you can."

So the Pharisees and scribes went by torchlight to the sepulcher protected by guards, and in the chill night sealed the great stone.

And then they went to their homes and the day of infamy was done.

Easter Sunday:

day of resurrection

IN THE EARLY HOURS of that morning came a quake and the earth trembled and Jerusalem was troubled. Out of the skies as a lightning shaft came an angel in white raiment to the sepulcher where Jesus Christ lay buried. He rolled away the great stones and terrified guards fell as if dead.

And then the dawn was still and beautiful.

One by one the stars were doused and a morning carved from heaven broke over the countryside.

In great caution and sadness went Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany to the sepulcher to weep once more over their departed Master; perhaps to spread more spices over his body if the stone could be moved. But they were astonished and without words when they saw the stone had been rolled away.

Could his body have been stolen away in the night? Was it possible that even now he was lying in a common grave?

The women moved closer and dared to enter. At first they saw nothing. Then a young man whose white garment shattered the tomb's darkness spoke:

"Be not afraid. He is not here, for he is risen as he said."

Frightened, trembling, the women listened.

"Go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead. And behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him."

Quickly the women fled to the home where his disciples were in hiding and spread the news.

"They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him!"

Simon Peter and John heard and rushed from the house. John, the younger, came first to the sepulcher and looked past the opening. He saw linen cloth on the ground, but was fearful of entering.

Simon, breathless from his run, arrived and the two disciples entered the tomb. True, the linens and the white napkin which had been folded around his head were there. And they departed in haste and returned as rapidly as they could run to their house.

But Mary lingered and wept. She peered into the sepulcher and saw two angels sitting where his body had been. And they said:

"Woman, why do you weep?"

"Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him."

Then she turned to go away and Jesus stood nearby, but she did not know him.

"Woman," he asked, *"why do you weep? Whom do you seek?"*

But Mary supposed him to be the gardener and she said:

"Sir, if you have taken him away, tell me where you have laid him and I will take him away."

And Jesus said unto her:

"Mary."

And she rejoiced and cried:

"Teacher!"

But he motioned her away and said:

"Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended unto the Father. But go to my brethren and say to them, 'I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and my God and your God.'"

Mary arose and rushed to the disciples, exclaiming:

"I have seen the Lord!"

The word spread and Matthew told that dazed guards reported the Resurrection to high priests and scribes. In hurried counsel with the elders it was decided to give the guards much money and say unto them:

"If questioned say, 'His disciples came by night and stole him away while we slept.'"

Soon, two friends of Jesus who had been in the house with his disciples journeyed afoot to nearby Emmaus and were talking of events of the last few days in Jerusalem. A shadow fell across their path and they turned to see a stranger. He inquired of their conversation and they told him the story of Jesus' suffering and the reports of his Resurrection. But of the last, they spoke in doubt.

And then the stranger started from Moses and quoted from all the prophets in interpreting the Scriptures. Soon they arrived in Emmaus and he sat down with them to eat. He blessed the bread, and breaking it, gave it to them. The bread was broken!

In astonishment they looked and they knew it was he! And then he vanished. Straightway they returned to Jerusalem and burst into the house of the disciples, saying:

"The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon!"

And while the 11 disciples heard in wonderment, he appeared in the doorway. One by one he looked at them and then he said: *"Peace be unto you."*

The disciples were frightened and feared they had seen a spirit.

"Why are ye troubled and why do questionings arise in your hearts? See my hands and feet, that it is I myself. Handle me and see, for a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye behold me having."

He lifted his hands and showed them his feet. The scars of crucifixion were still there. He opened his garment and the mark of the spear was on his side.

In joy they still disbelieved and he asked for meat. And he took it and ate. They believed.

"Peace be unto you. As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Receive ye the Holy Spirit. Whosesoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them. Whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained . . ."

They believed and went out to carry his gospel into every land.

And out of the heavens seemed to come words reminiscent of his Baptism:

"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased . . ."

This sensitive account of Christ's last week on earth was written by a leading Dallas, Tex., Methodist layman and editor, Felix R. McKnight. It originally appeared in **The Dallas News.** Later it was published in book form and copyrighted by Henry Holt and Company, with whose permission we are privileged to share it with you.—EDS.

Fraternities across the country are undergoing a drastic change. Pranksters once, many are helping others now.

Not long ago fraternity pledges were made to prove how much they could take.

Hell Week's Gone

ONE BITTERLY COLD night two years ago a young university fraternity pledge, victim of a Hell Week prank, was abandoned by his fraternity brothers on a lonely road outside the town. Blindly seeking his way back to the campus, he stumbled across a frozen reservoir, fell through the ice, and drowned.

On another campus, a student died of burns received during an initiation ceremony. Still another was injured when he fell, blindfolded, down a mountainside.

The past is dotted with tragedies resulting from Hell Week shenanigans. True, thousands of young men have gone through initiation without harm; nevertheless, the few exceptions have given college fraternities a black eye most do not deserve.

Until recently, however, pledging a fraternity was something like signing up for the Foreign Legion. As a pledge seeking active membership, a youth was apt to be subjected to night-long hikes, paddlings, goldfish swallowings, and a selection of oddball antics which had little to do with the ideals of his fraternal organization. The purpose was to show how eager he was to become a member.

Today, however, the tide is setting strongly in the opposite direction. Help Week is replacing Hell Week on campuses across the country —with Methodist-related schools among the leaders.

This year as Easter approaches, for example, Syracuse University's 35 fraternities are preparing to take up brooms, mops, brushes, and pails to join in a community-wide cleanup and fix-up project that in the past has aided 28 health, welfare, and civic agencies. Many chapters throw parties for orphans and underprivileged children on the various holidays.

At Methodism's Oklahoma City University, the brothers of Lambda Chi Alpha join their parents each year in an Easter breakfast.

Once every fall, University of Denver fraternities combine to treat orphans to a picnic and a college football game. All 12 fraternities at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., open their houses to town kids just before Christmas.

At Boston University, the dean of men is constantly badgered for leads on manual-labor jobs. Northwestern University's 31 fraternities join sororities and independent students in week-long Operation Evanston, a community cleanup crusade.

At American University, Washington, D.C., fraternity pledges are Christmas dinner hosts to some 75 youngsters from local orphans' homes. Initiates also carry out projects for needy groups, including the annual cerebral-palsy drive.

In other schools, too, Help Week is catching fire. Delta Upsilon at the

Today many are required to take part in projects such as community cleanups.

By GORDON GOULD

University of Missouri assigned pledges to refurbish a rural schoolhouse. At the University of Maine, pledges painted the interior of a church. Sigma Chi of the University of Tennessee adopted a needy family.

How did this all start? In 1949 a University of Indiana student decided it was pointless for college men to behave like adolescents. So when the time came for Alpha Tau Omega to process the season's crop of pledges, Bob Lollar suggested they be set to work repainting a community-service building.

By the next year, more than half the fraternities at Indiana had junked Hell Week. Today, an estimated 75 per cent of the nation's 3,600 fraternities have squeezed the "Hell" out of Hell Week.

You get a close-up of how this new help-others philosophy works when you look at the case of a typical pledge—Bud Hilpert of the University of Washington in Seattle. Bud thought he was lucky to be invited to pledge Sigma Chi, one of the largest fraternity chapters on the campus. He considered himself fortunate, too, to have landed a part-time job at Providence Hospital to help pay his living expenses. There remained just one hurdle before obtaining his cherished pin—Hell Week. Instead:

"You will join other pledges in devising a work project for yourselves," he was told.

It was Bud who dreamed up the project. At his hospital job, he had met a practical nurse named Yvonne Dupont, whose three small sons knew no Christmas but the crèche their mother set up during the holiday season. On her meager earnings there was never enough money for food and rent and presents, too.

"What do you say we give this family a real Christmas?" Bud asked the other pledges. "A Christmas they'll never forget."

There was enthusiastic agreement. Pledges scattered through Seattle, calling on shopkeepers, grocers, supply houses, private citizens. On Christmas Eve Bud climbed into a Santa suit and led a decorated caravan through the city to the old house where Mrs. Dupont and her boys were preparing to spend another uneventful Christmas. There, before the family's astonished eyes, the collegians held one of the biggest parties Seattle had ever seen.

Among the gifts were complete outfits for the whole family, sports equipment and toys for the boys, a sewing machine, a ton of groceries, and promises of a year's free medical and dental bills. As Bud predicted, this was a Christmas the Duponts would never forget. Nor would the men of Sigma Chi who had changed Hell Week to Help Week.

In similar vein, a record 400 oldsters attended an annual Old Folks Party given by Wisconsin's Sigma Alpha Epsilon chapter last year. Other fraternities send their brothers out to local YMCAs, Scout troops, boys' clubs, and church centers. They clear land for playgrounds, distribute civil-defense literature, spark charity drives, wash cars, build, and give the proceeds to such organizations as CARE. Quite a few fraternities support a war orphan. Phi Delta members at Oregon State turn out each year as handy men for a WCTU farm home.

A unique project is under way at the Penn State chapter of Delta Upsilon. There the brothers are working to scrape and repaint Admiral Dewey's flagship. And among the 58 fraternities at the University of Illinois, said to be the fraternity capital of the world, the Help Week spirit is so strong that there aren't enough projects to go around.

Fraternity men don't *have* to do these things. They're not running service clubs or charitable organizations. Then why do they take on such projects?

One reason is that most fraternities realize positive steps must be taken to counteract throughtless acts and unfortunate incidents in the past.

A second reason is that the World War II veterans who swarmed onto the campuses during the late '40s had

getting along Together

My home town was tiny. Dad was the grocer. Nearby was the blacksmith, and a little farther the wagon maker. In the same block was a little brood of three youngsters, whose mother had just died. And it was Easter.

At dawn that Sunday, my mother got up and silently slipped across to the children's house, to hide a few eggs on the lawn. In the half-darkness, she saw two figures moving stealthily about. Frightened, she was about to run—when they straightened up and she recognized them.

The blacksmith and the wagon maker—also out hiding Easter eggs for the youngsters.

—Mrs. Hazel Tedford, *Keokuk, Iowa.*

I was on the bus when a woman boarded it with her Negro maid. There was only one seat left. "You take it, Mandy," the woman said. "You've worked hard all day and are tired."

The maid did so. Almost immediately, a colored woman at the rear arose, and offered her seat to the white woman—with a smile of thanks that set the whole bus to feeling better.

—Theobel Wing Alleeson, *Los Angeles*

Everybody in our neighborhood knows Aunt Laura. She's 95, blind, and, since all her friends have passed away, terribly lonely. But each morning at nine, Aunt Laura's day is brightened by a phone call. It's from a young woman who lives on a farm; by that hour, she has packed her children off to school and is ready to start her day's chores. But first, she phones this old, blind lady—and reads the day's devotions from *The Upper Room* to her. She says it helps bring God's blessing on both of them each day.

—Carol Luth, *Sheboygan Falls, Wis.*

Every chair in the hospital waiting room was occupied, mostly by children with gloomy faces. Into the room shuffled an old man with a paper bag. He went from child to child, stopping to give each a candy bar from his bag and a few words of happy greeting. By the time he left, the youngsters were laughing and chattering. I asked who the man was.

"He's the doctor who used to run this hospital," I was told. "He's too old to practice now, but he comes here almost every day to talk with the children and give them the things his parents could never afford to give him."

—Mrs. J. L. Randall, *Burrton, Kan.*

His cows gave a country doctor I knew more milk than his family could use, so he told some undernourished children to stop by each morning for a bucket of milk. A few weeks later, however, his wife told the youngsters they would have to pay for milk in the future.

And what did the doctor do when he learned of this? He secretly gave the children money to buy the milk from his wife.

—Mrs. L. Wooton, *Williston, Fla.*

I was superintendent of the campus Sunday school in a theological college in India. We had a garden and I used to give the students' children seeds and seedlings.

I never knew how many were actually planted, but some months after I had distributed seedlings one year two children shyly presented me with a basket of ripe tomatoes.

When, I, who had so much, hesitated to accept the gift, their mother explained, "These are the first fruits from the plants you gave us." I realized then that she was teaching her children to say "thank you"—and I, in accepting the gift, learned how to receive gracefully.

—Mrs. C. S. Thoburn, *Jabalpur, India*

I have taught school for many years. Last year a little girl was enrolled in my first grade who was an inspiration. Sandra's daily ambition was to see the good in others; to find something for which to offer praise. On the last day of school as I was passing out awards to the children one child shouted angrily, "Carl got two!"

Sandra jumped up and joyfully yelled, "Let's give him a big hand."

—Mrs. B. R. Heavner, *Vale, N.C.*

True tales which have brightened a day or an hour for you may do the same for others. Send yours to Together. *For each story used, we pay $5.*—Eds.

seen too much of the world to be awed by senseless pranks. They balked at the traditional Hell Week.

A third reason is the spiritual uplift men feel when they apply themselves to helping others. Richard S. Stoddart, president of Kappa Sigma at Dartmouth, puts it this way: "There is a very real sense of pride in completing a community project or in watching the happy faces of 40 first graders when Santa Claus comes down the chimney."

Other fraternities feel that spiritual values must be emphasized by group participation in religious observances. At Oklahoma City University, Sigma Phi Epsilon brothers generally attend some church en masse each Sunday. And a growing number of fraternities at the University of Texas have a religious retreat once a year, conducted jointly by chapter leaders, alumni, and church counselors.

The idea of service to college and community, says Don Sullivan of Beta Theta Pi, University of Minnesota, "keeps us from assuming that brotherhood can be easily attained and easily discarded."

"And unless fraternities can benefit other people as well as their own members," adds Brad Fowler, a Phi Gamma Delta at Texas University, "it is difficult to justify them in anybody's eyes."

Not long ago, the fraternities at the University of Miami "justified" themselves in an unusually dramatic manner. It was eight o'clock on a Tuesday night—meeting night in many fraternities—when the phone rang urgently in one of the chapter houses. The call was from a nearby hospital where a man lay dying from internal bleeding. He needed immediate transfusions of the uncommon O-negative blood. From the doctor on the other end of the line came a plea: "Can you help us?"

In the next few minutes, a round-robin telephone call was begun to all the other fraternities, alerting them to the emergency. Meetings were abruptly disbanded. By 8:30 the hospital corridors were filling with donors. By midnight some 50 pints of blood, 26 of them O-negative, were on deposit. And in the grateful patient, the light of life shown brightly once again—all because brotherhood was more than just a word to these young fraternity men.

The Day We Flew the Kites

By FRANCES FOWLER

"STRING!" SHOUTED Brother, bursting into the kitchen. "We need lots of string."

It was Saturday. As always, it was a busy one, for "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work" was taken seriously in those days. My father and Mr. Patrick next door were doing chores about their large yards. March was a busy time.

Indoors, Mother and Mrs. Patrick were running around in their usual Saturday marathon, complicated by spring cleaning. Such a windy day was ideal for "turning out" clothes closets. Already woolens flapped on clotheslines which snaked across the adjoining back yards.

Somehow the boys had slipped away to the back lot with their kites. Now, even at the risk of having Brother impounded for beating carpets or washing windows, they had sent him to the house for more string. All of theirs had played out—heaven knows how many yards! Apparently there was no limit to the heights to which kites would soar today.

My mother looked out the window. The sky was piercingly blue; the breeze fresh and infinitely exciting. Up in all that blueness sailed great puffy billows of clouds. It had been a long, hard winter, but today was spring.

My mother looked from the pie-baking clutter on the kitchen

table to the disordered sitting room, its furniture all moved out of line for a really Spartan sweeping. Again her eyes wavered toward the window. "Come on, girls!" She fumbled in the kitchen-table drawer for a new roll of twine. "Let's take string to the boys and watch them fly the kites a minute."

On the way we met our neighbor, Mrs. Patrick, laughing guiltily, escorted by her girls.

There never was such a day for flying kites! God doesn't make two such days in a century. We played all our fresh twine into the boys' kites, and still they soared. We could hardly distinguish the tiny, orange-colored specks. Now and then we slowly reeled one in, finally bringing it, dipping and tugging, to earth, for the sheer joy of sending it up again, feeling its vibrant tug against the twine as it sought the sky. What a thrill to run with them, to the right, to the left, and see our poor, earth-bound movements reflected minutes later in the majestic sky dance of the kites! We wrote wishes on slips of paper, punched holes in them, and slipped them over the string. Slowly, irresistibly, they climbed up until they reached the kites. Surely all such wishes would be granted!

Even our fathers dropped hoe and hammer and joined us. Our mothers took their turns, laughing like schoolgirls. Their hair blew out of their decorous pompadours and curled loose about their cheeks, their gingham aprons whipped about their legs. Mingled with our puppyish delight was a feeling akin to awe. These adults were playing with us, really playing! The gulf between parent and child was greater then than now. Once I looked at Mother and thought she looked actually pretty! And her over 40!

We never knew where the hours went on that hilltop day. There were no hours, just a golden, breezy Now. I think we were all a little beyond ourselves. Parents forgot their duty and their dignity; children forgot the combativeness and small spites. "Perhaps it's like this in the kingdom of heaven," I thought confusedly. All our personalities stood out clearer, more individual than ever, and yet there was no sense of separateness.

It was growing dark before, drunk with sun and air, we all stumbled sleepily back to the houses. Things were just as we had left them, but Mother looked as if she hardly saw the half-rolled pastry, the stripped sitting room. I suppose we had some sort of supper. I suppose there must have been a surface tidying up, for the house on Sunday looked decorous enough, or do I remember?

The strange thing was, we didn't mention that day afterward. I felt a little embarrassed. Surely none of those other sensible, balanced people had thrilled to it as deeply as I; none had had ridiculous, sacrilegious thoughts about comparing flying kites with the kingdom of heaven. I locked the memory up in that deepest part of me where we keep "the things that cannot be and yet are" . . . and the years went on.

A good many years had passed and one day I was flying about a kitchen of my own in a city apartment. I was trying to get some work out of the way while my three-year-old insistently whined her desire to "go park and see ducks."

"I can't go!" (My reasonableness was wearing thin.) "I have this and this and this to do first, and when I'm through I'll be too tired to walk that far."

My mother, who was visiting us, looked up from the peas she was shelling. "It's a wonderful day," she offered, "really warm, yet there's a fine, fresh breeze. It reminds me of that day we flew the kites."

I stopped in my dash between stove and sink. So she remembered! The locked door flew open and with it a gush of memories, and the application of her little parable. There had been much to do on that long-ago Saturday. I pulled off my apron. "Come on," I told my little girl. "You're right, it's much too beautiful a day to miss. Let's go take a look at those ducks!"

Another decade passed. We were in the uneasy aftermath of a great war. All evening we had been asking our returned soldier, the youngest Patrick boy, about his experiences as a prisoner of war. He had talked freely, but now for a long time he had been silent, watching his cigarette smoke curl upward into the summer darkness. The s i l e n c e seemed suddenly to throb. What was he thinking of . . . what dark and dreadful things? What was he going to tell?

"Say!" A smile twitched his lips. He looked like the little boy he used to be, the very little boy always tagging behind us others. "Say, do you remember . . . ? No, of course you wouldn't. It probably didn't make the impression on you it did on me. It was the first time I had ever seen them."

I hardly dared speak. "Remember what?"

"I used to think of that day a lot in PW camp when things weren't too good. Do you remember the day we flew the kites?"

Winter came, and the sad duty of a call of condolence on Mrs. Patrick, recently widowed. Her family had moved away many years before, but she had brought back her husband's body to our town for burial. I dreaded the call. I couldn't imagine how Mrs. Patrick would face life alone.

I found her quite gray, a little stooped, much thinner than in her vigorous, maternal middle years. But she still had those warm, brown eyes, that low, caressing voice. We talked a little about my family and her grandchildren and the changes in our town.

And then she was silent, looking down at her hands in her lap. I cleared my throat. Now I must say something about her loss and she would begin to cry.

When I looked up, I was dumbfounded. Mrs. Patrick was smiling. "I was just sitting here thinking," she said. "Henry had such fun that day. Do you remember, Frances—— do you remember the day we flew the kites?"

READER'S CHOICE

Mrs. A. E. Swab, Huron, S.D., receives $25 for being the first of 12 persons to suggest this month's Reader's Choice. *The Day We Flew the Kites* appeared in *Parents' Magazine* in May, 1949, and is reprinted now by the publishers' permission. TOGETHER invites you to nominate your favorite story or article. Send us its title, author, and the name and date of the publication in which you read it. First to nominate an article that we reprint receives $25.

Apostle of Good Cheer

ANITA WATSON is only 26, but she lives in an old folks' home.

Each morning when she awakens in her tidy room on the third floor of the Methodist Home at Elyria, Ohio, her thoughts and prayers are for the elderly people who live there.

A home for the aged is a quiet place, usually; a serene, restful nook shut away from the hectic pace of the world. It is a good place to live.

But Anita Watson—apostle of good cheer in a wheel chair—knows that solitude and peaceful surroundings sometimes bring loneliness, especially to the ill or handicappd.

So by 10 A.M. each day, and sometimes far into the night, Anita is busy filling any such void in the hearts and souls of the aged and ill. She tries to see each patient at least once every two days.

Anita was born with cerebral palsy, yet graduated from high school as valutatorian without ever attending class—and, taking her wheel chair to Chauffler College, earned a degree in Christian Education.

Now serving as chaplain at the home, this vivacious, dark-eyed young woman counsels the elderly, prays with them, reads to them, writes letters for them, conducts Sunday-morning bedside chapel services for them.

Recently, George P. Miller, TOGETHER photographer, dropped by Elyria to visit Anita. In the pictures that follow, he gives you a close-up of Anita's work.

***Smile** of an active carefree young woman? Well, things aren't always what they seem! Turn page for Anita's surprising story.*

Helping Hand: *Residents at the Elyria Home delight in little courtesies for crippled Anita. Frequent companion on a "stroll" is Mrs. Helen George (above), a devoted friend.*

Prayerful moments *come often, always in her room at morning (above), often at the bedside of an ailing person in need of her comforting. Anita uses a tape recorder to capture the reminiscences of the home's elderly residents.*

Mealtime *at the home finds Anita switching tables often so she may become better acquainted with all the residents. Although she usually spends most of her time with the ill, as chaplain she's always available to anyone who calls on her.*

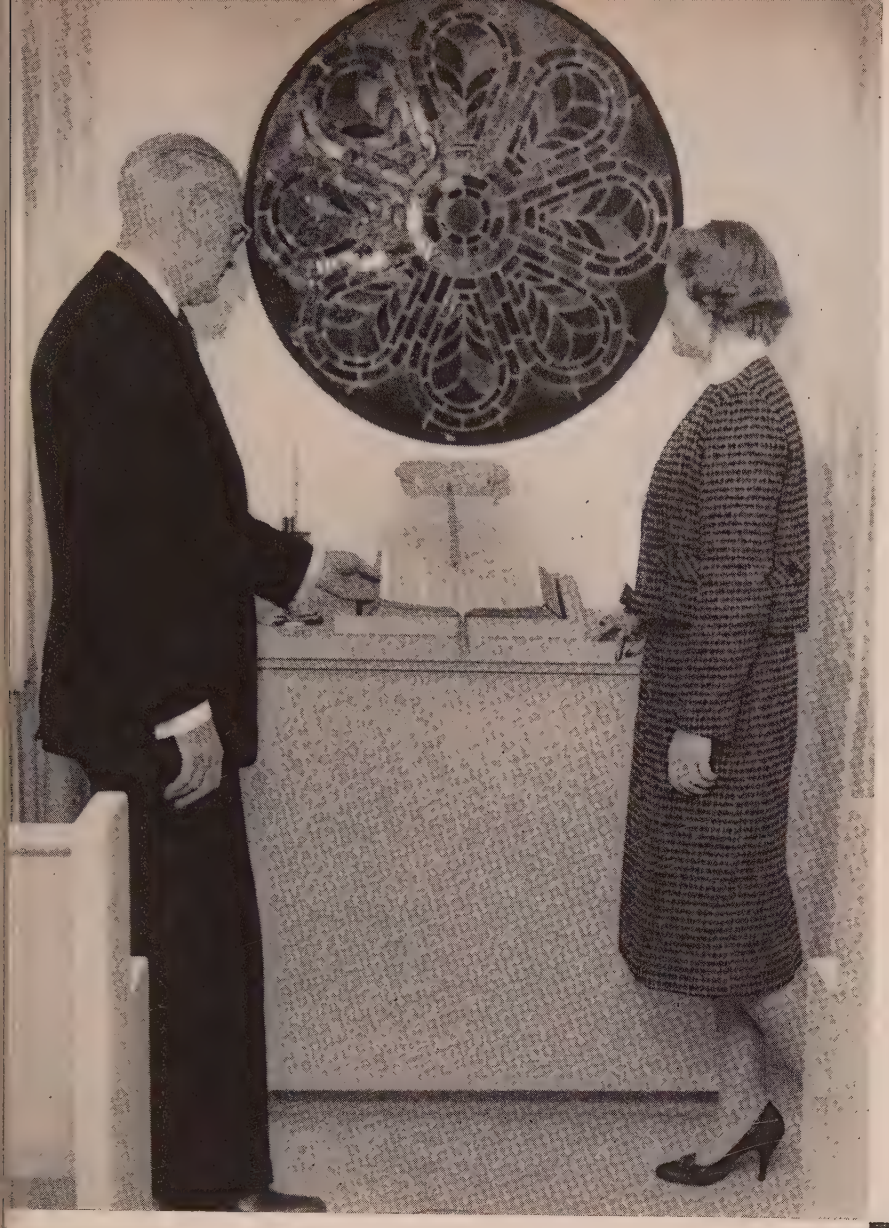
Among the very old *deafness and failing eyesight are common handicaps. Right, Anita reads an inspiring chapter from* Mr. Jones, Meet the Master.

Cheerful greeting *is shouted to a 90-year-old, so hard of hearing she has lost most contact with the world of sound. New elevator now helps Anita take her wheel chair all over the home.*

MUSICAL MOTHERS. Mrs. Elbert Marshall and Mrs. Charles D. Montgomery of Dallas, Tex., are winning acclaim as authors of a book of sacred music. It's called *We Go to Church* and is published by Carl Fischer in New York City. But for these Methodist lay women (Mrs. Montgomery and her two children, left, above; Mrs. Marshall and her three children, right, above) composing is worked in between child care, cooking, housekeeping, and church work. With families to care for, their collaboration works like this: Mrs. Montgomery gets an idea for a poem, jots it down, gives it to Mrs. Marshall who composes music for it. The busy mothers solve problems over the phone. Once difficulties are ironed out, Mrs. Montgomery goes to work on illustrations. Both are members of Highland Park Methodist Church, sing with their board-member husbands in the choir. Mrs. Montgomery is a contralto soloist; her partner is an assistant organist who has written many anthems.

Unusual

SKYWAY SCRIPTURES. The first scriptured bands taken off the legs of geese shot in the Far North were called "messages from heaven" by Eskimos who rushed them to a missionary for translation. Today bands are being turned in faithfully in exchange for Bible pictures. To spread the Word of God by skyway, wild Canadian geese and ducks are trapped—500 at a time—and banded with aluminum bands containing scriptural verses at the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary, Kingsville, Ontario. Started 50 years ago by Jack Miner, the Sanctuary aimed at saving Canadian geese from extinction. Its work now is carried on by Miner's sons, Jasper, and Manley (in photo). They are members of the Kingsville Methodist Church, where Jasper is an elder, a member of the official board, and Sunday school teacher. From returned bands the Miners compile information on nesting sites, wintering, and range of flights. At the same time Scriptures are spread through the northland.



A MAN OF MEDITATION. Tired shoppers and world-weary employees at the J. B. Ivey and Company department store, Charlotte, N.C., drop the cares of the day by slipping into the store's meditation room for a few moments of quiet prayer. Their need was first seen by George M. Ivey, company president and son of the founder. Now 300 persons each week visit the room, meditate, and enjoy the stained-glass window imported from Holland. So rewarding do employees and shoppers find the sanctuary, that some New York stores plan similar rooms. Using Christian principles for his business yardstick, J. B. Ivey made his way from a department-store apprentice at $3.33 a month to owner of six stores doing a $22-million business. Now 92, he has occupied offices in several Methodist churches. Following his father's footsteps, George Ivey (shown with employee), also active in the church, now is official-board chairman of Providence Methodist Church, Charlotte. Other business-house innovations: an auditorium for inspirational meetings.

Methodists

PUNKY SOLOMONS. Most Americans are familiar with this ourageous Methodist family from Georgia. They are the Joseph . Solomons, the 1958 March of Dimes poster family, three of whom ecently completed a nation-wide tour for the National Association or Infantile Paralysis. Mrs. Solomon and her three children, Joe, and twins Sandra and Linda, 6 (in photo), were stricken with olio in 1953. Today they are all greatly improved, although Joe nd Sandra still wear braces. Linda and Mrs. Solomon suffered onparalytic polio and do not require braces. As poster family for ae year, the family was received by President Eisenhower at the White House before Mrs. Solomon and the twins toured the nation or the Foundation. Joe stayed home in Warner Robins, Ga., with is dad, an air force major. The family has moved several times Joe was born in Germany)—but wherever they live The Methodist hurch forms the core of their lives.

Bridge of Helping Hands

By CARLOS P. ROMULO

As told to Beth Day

ON OCTOBER 11, 1957, my eldest son, Carlos Ll. Romulo, Jr., died in a plane crash, 50 miles north of Manila. In that dark hour hundreds of helping hands supported me by a bridge of kindness across the United States to Los Angeles, across the Pacific to Manila, and back again. It is in thanks to this generous host, many unknown to me except through their acts of compassion, that I tell the story of my journey.

The evening before the accident, October 10, I boarded a late flight at Los Angeles, where I had made a speech, so that I would be back in New York in time for a session of the UN General Assembly the following afternoon. Usually, due to a harried schedule which keeps me shuttling over the country, I take my flying time for rest and fall asleep the minute I fasten my safety belt. This night, however, I was vaguely uneasy. I read until midnight and then dozed fitfully.

Suddenly in my sleep I saw vividly the face of my son, Carlos, or Mike as he is affectionately known within the family. Then I awoke. I had no premonition of tragedy. I did not go back to sleep, however, and read until the plane reached New York. Later, just as I entered the UN, I found I was being paged for a telephone call. I took it at the receptionist's desk. It was from my secretary at the Philippine embassy in Washington. She told me there was an emergency in Manila.

"What has happened to Mike?" I asked.

"How did you know?" she gasped. Then she put Mrs. Romulo on the telephone. My wife told me that another son, Greg, who lives in Manila, had called to tell her that a plane was missing with Mike and five other men aboard. I told my wife that I would come to Washington immediately. Then I put in a call to Manila. I knew Greg would never have called merely to report a missing plane.

Overseas operator 245 at Oakland, Calif., is only a number to me and not a face. But I know she is a sensitive and sympathetic woman. Generally there is a long delay in an overseas call, but the urgency in my voice must have gotten through to her. In exactly two minutes she had Greg on the wire. I asked him for the truth.

"The plane Mike was on crashed and his body has been identified," Greg admitted. "It happened at two o'clock yesterday afternoon."

Six P.M. in Manila—early morning in the U.S. The time of the crash coincided with the time I saw Mike's face in my dream.

I had suffered two nervous collapses, in 1934 and 1938, which the doctors diagnosed as an acute migraine condition. Both attacks began with a violent pain in my head, followed by blindness of my right eye, paralysis of the right side of my body, and semiconsciousness. Now, as I heard those fateful words from Greg, I experiencd that same dread pain in my head and the world swayed dizzily away from me. I felt myself being eased gently into a chair.

"Airline ticket to Washington . . ." I murmured. Then I blacked out.

It was only later that I learned how I got from that receptionist's desk to Washington. The receptionist made the airline reservation, then called the embassy in Washington to tell them which plane I would be on. Dag Hammarskjold, UN secretary general, lent me his car to drive to the airport. At the terminal the airline agent was waiting with my ticket. He put me on the plane and into the hands of the crew. I regained consciousness as we landed at the Washington airport.

The news of the crash had broken during my flight and by the time I arrived at the embassy there were a handwritten note and flowers from President Eisenhower, and innumerable radiograms and telegrams. There were even messages of sympathy from my Russian colleagues at the UN with whom I have often exchanged bitter words.

I found my wife packing. Snatching at a last, unreasonable fragment of hope, I put in a second call to Manila. Again in the miraculous measure of two minutes, she had Greg on the wire. It was a cruel question, but I had to know. "Is he really dead, Greg?"

"Yes, Dad," the boy said, "and you and Mother must come home. We can't face it alone——" his voice broke. When I heard his sobs, I fainted.

My wife, seeing my condition, had called a doctor, who came immediately to the embassy. "Your husband is in no shape to travel," I heard him say. "He might have a cerebral attack in flight."

When I heard this I asked him, "Can't you give me something?"

"I can give you an injection which will knock you out for a few hours, and relieve the pain," he said. "But I still wouldn't advise the trip."

I knew we must go. By plane time I was again virtually unconscious from the medication. Yet nameless kind hands assisted me aboard, then helped Mrs. Romulo watch over me through the long flight. I became conscious as the plane was circling over Los Angeles.

Thirty minutes before our plane was to leave for Manila, the passenger agent came to us, a woebegone expression on his face.

"We're terribly embarrassed," he told us. "We had hoped to have space for you from last-minute cancellations, but every passenger has shown up. The flight has been booked solid for months now and I can't force any of them to give up their seats."

"When is the next flight?" my wife asked.

"Two days from now."

We looked at each other helplessly.

"Come over to the ticket gate with me," said the agent thoughtfully. "I can't promise any luck because I've never done it before. But there's one thing I can try."

THE PASSENGERS were lined up in front of the gate, ready to board. The agent asked for their attention. A groan went down the line as the passengers muttered gloomily, "A delay! What's wrong this time?"

"You have read your newspapers, so you know why General and Mrs. Romulo are here, trying to reach Manila," the agent said. "Every seat on this flight is taken and there is no other flight for two days. I am not going to bump any of you. All I ask is volunteers. If two among you can see it in your hearts to give up your seats to the General and his wife, please stand aside."

There was a moment's silence, and then *seven passengrs* stepped out of line. I was stunned. These people were unknown to me. Undoubtedly they had their own private plans to fulfill. Yet seven people were willing to give up their seats to us.

After I had thanked them, I suggested that we talk to each person individually to determine who was best able to relinquish his space. A couple with the Ford Foundation insisted that we take their seats. They explained that they were headed for Ceylon and faced a two-day layover in Honolulu before they made their connecting flight.

We had just taken our seats when a little stewardess came up to me. "I know you, General," she said. "I read your article, *I'm Glad I'm a Little Guy* and it meant a lot to me because I'm a shorty myself!" She looked over at Mrs. Romulo. "Do you think the General should rest now?"

The cabin crew made up a berth and got me into it. Then the little stewardess said firmly to my wife, "You need a rest, too. Go to sleep and don't worry. I'll watch him."

At Honolulu, we had a four-hour layover. On our way to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which was only a few blocks from the airport, I noticed a shabby old Filipino laborer standing on the fringe of the crowd which had converged. As I passed him, the old man pressed an envelope into my hand. "General," he said softly, in an Ilokano dialect, "please put this in your pocket."

I assumed that it was a little note of condolence. When I opened it later, to my surprise out fell a $10 bill! The note stated that he worked on a sugar plantation and that he was giving me this portion of his life's savings "for flowers for your son."

Our arrival at Manila was at a most inconvenient hour, 5:45 A.M., yet a crowd that included our immediate family and close friends awaited us at the airport. Dr. Agerico Sisom, dean of the college of medicine of the University of the Philippines at Manila, had come directly to the airport from the bedside of a patient without taking any time that night for sleep. Greg brought the car around and drove us home. When we neared the house my heart sank. As a former newspaperman, I should have known. A ring of photographers was at our front door to greet my wife and me with the horror of flashbulbs. As the men raised their cameras, I held up my hand and asked for their attention.

"Please, fellows," I said. "I know this is your job. But this is a private affair. No pictures, please."

As if by magic, the photographers faded from sight. Not one man made any effort to take the picture he had been ordered and was expected to get.

By now the medication I had received in Washington had worn off and the pain in my head was intense. But I knew there was something I must do before I went to bed that night. I went across the street to the church to see my son, Mike. The people had known I would come and the church, even at that early hour was crowded. Eyes filled with silent sympathy followed me as I walked up to the bier and knelt before it.

Only then I knew, with the shattering impact of the truth, that my son was gone.

AS ALL BUSY MEN, I had paid the price for public life in time taken from my family. Now I regretted bitterly that I had spent so little time with this son of mine. I was holding three jobs the year he was born: newspaper editor, college professor, and secretary to President Quezon. Then, when Mike was barely 17, an age when a boy most needs his father, the war separated us. I joined Gen. Douglas MacArthur's staff and did not see my family again for 3½ years. When Mike should have been enjoying carefree adolescent pursuits, he fought through the war, first as a spy for the guerrilla forces, then as a fighter with the guerrillas in their mountain hideout and there he learned the cruel lessons of cold and hunger and death.

Mike always insisted on blazing his own trail. After successfully completing the dangerous assignment of spiriting my wife and his two younger brothers to safety in the mountains, Mike would not board the airplane which General MacArthur sent to evacuate our family, but chose instead to march on foot, with his fellow fighters, back to Manila.

As a student debater he once violently criticized the current administration, of which I was part. When I queried Mike, he replied: "I don't believe that I should always agree with you just because I am your son. I must learn to think for myself." After the war, when I asked him to join our family in the U.S., where my work was, and attend Harvard law school, Mike refused. "My roots are in my homeland," he told me. "That is the country I fought for. Besides the temper of our

people is changing and a Romulo should be there to watch it!"

Eight months before the crash, Mike had set up a law firm of his own with an American partner and was already making a name for himself. When his first son was christened Carlos III, I kidded Mike about it, reminding him that he had told me the name was a handicap. "If my boy is the stuff I think he is," Mike wrote back, "the name will be a challenge—as it has been to me."

He had promised to bring his wife and babies to Washington over the holidays and I had been looking forward to it. He had a wonderful sense of humor and could always make me laugh and forget my worries. Once he said jokingly to me, "You know, Dad, the greatest ambition of my life is one day to drive through the business district of Manila, and have passers-by nudge one another and say, 'Look, there goes Carlos Romulo, Jr.—and his father!' "

It could have happened had he lived. Just two days before the crash I had received the last letter I would ever get from him, full of the work he was doing and ending: "You should retire now, so that you can spend more time with your family and get acquainted with your grandchildren." Now I would never have the chance to get to know Mike better.

Suddenly through the anguish of my thoughts, I was aware of a small hand on my shoulder. I turned and looked into the face of a boy about 12, dressed in the robes of an acolyte. "We are all praying for you, General," he said softly.

Somehow, the child's touch gave me the strength I had not found within myself. That night I had the first untroubled sleep I had had since I heard the news.

Next morning I was awakened by a discussion going on outside the door. "Orders for flowers are flooding in from the U.S. and all over the Philippines. Here's one I can't make out," a man said, puzzled.

"What does it say?" Greg's voice asked.

"From the Bellboys of the Drake Hotel," the flower merchant said.

There were others equally puzzling: "The girls of the Waldorf Coffee House." "The girls at the American Airlines Counter." "Your Two Western Union Friends." Names and signatures which conjured up to me images of friendly faces and responsive hearts. Wreaths, cablegrams, and telegrams poured in —some 5,000 expressions of sympathy.

We had just returned from the funeral services when a long-distance call came in from the U.S. Greg said the name sounded like Furcolo. I thought it must be the governor of Massachusetts. But a cheery, familiar voice greeted me. "This is Phil, your barber in New York!"

Phil had served with me on Leyte during the war and had been cutting my hair since 1942. I thought of all the tips that must have gone into that $18 I knew that call cost! Yet Phil had wanted to tell me, in his own words, how sorry he was.

AS A NEWSPAPERMAN I was aware that "nothing is deader than yesterday's headline," and I expected no special attention on my return trip. Yet, when I got off the plane at Honolulu, there were five wheel chairs waiting, ordered from hospitals by five separate friends who were concerned about my physical condition. At Los Angeles, when I boarded the plane for Washington the stewardess said, "You're General Romulo, aren't you? You were the commencement speaker at Knox College the year I graduated. You have been in my thoughts, General, ever since I heard the news."

At Idlewild I found that my car had been sent by mistake to La Guardia. Since I was due at the UN shortly, I decided the quickest plan was to catch a cab over to La Guardia. When I climbed into the cab, the driver took a quick look in the mirror. "I know your voice," he said. "I've heard it on the radio." He turned around. "Why, you're General Romulo—the one who just lost his boy."

Before I could reply, he went on. "I was a GI in the Pacific during World War II and your name became familiar to me. After the war my wife and I followed your career in the UN. When we read about what happened to your son, we felt badly about it, as if it had happened to a friend. So we went to church and prayed. Say, General—" the driver again turned toward me. "Would you autograph my license so I can show my wife that I really did talk to you?"

"I'll autograph my card and you can take it to her," I suggested.

"No." The cab driver shook his head. "I want your name on my license so that everyone who rides with me will see it. You see, General, you've always been a good friend to this country and we appreciate it."

I had hoped to forget my sorrow in my work at the UN. But now, three months later, I still cannot walk down a street, a hotel corridor, or go about my business in New York or Washington, without someone stopping me to tell me of his sympathy. I no longer wish to forget. That the world can forge such a chain of kindness which transcends hatred, prejudices, politics, and personal convenience to help one man through his blackest hour is something I wish to remember.

It reaffirms my basic faith in humankind and furnishes a reminder to those of us who engage in world affairs. We are not a family of nations; we are a family of man, and it is only through that divine spark of selflessness, the chain of human heart to human heart, that we can hope to achieve world peace.

COUNT THAT DAY

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent.

—GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

In Defense of Gothic

By HERBERT E. RICHARDS

AMERICAN CHURCHES are building. Church architecture interests almost all of us. For me, this interest began in my Pennsylvania boyhood when I first entered an inspiring Gothic church. To this day, I can recall my awe, the unquestioned sense I had that God was near in his holy place.

As I surveyed the altar, I had an experience of spiritual soaring that has enlivened my soul year after year. There was not a reverence for beauty alone; instead there was beauty leading a lad to reverence for God. Beauty as an end can be a false object of worship. Yet beauty, rightly used, can be a sublime channel to inspire men to know the grandeur of God.

God-serving architecture has a long and noble history. It was sketched on page 34 of TOGETHER for February in *Church Architecture Up Till Almost Now,* but let's take another look.

In ancient Egypt the effort to express reverence for the sun god stimulated the architect to develop squat-column structures with a piece of stone across the top. Later, the architects of Athens refined Egypt's short, squat columns to create the three basic orders of architecture—Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

Following the exalted days of Greece, the Romans introduced the second principle of building—the vault. This spaced the columns wider apart and connected them at the top with stones in an interlocking arch.

Around the year 1000 the expression of God's redeeming love was so commanding that the early stages of Gothic were begun. This style involved the use of slender ribs which could be supported until the keystones were in place and was developed with the idea that pressure that comes from weight can be resisted by columns and piers and, above all, by buttresses. The Gothic mood expressed the upreach of man for the downreach of God—redeeming love. The pointed arch became the high spiritual symbol, both emotionally and

Last month on these pages the noted architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, said "Good-by to Gothic" as a style for today's churches. Wright kicked up a fuss, for Gothic still is a big favorite with countless churches. One is the $1-million First Methodist of Boise, Ida. Now its energetic young pastor, Herbert E. Richards, tells why it *isn't* "Good-by to Gothic."

The Boise "cathedral" as designed by the Philadelphia architect, Harold E. Vagoner, with the assistance of architects Hummel, Hummel, and Jones.

architecturally. Gothic had something deeper than an engineering principle. Here God revealed a message far beyond necessity and engineering.

Our generation has contributed the use of reinforced steel and concrete. Church architecture, therefore, portrays a deep-rooted message at the same time it expresses beauty and houses worshipers. Church buildings must express something far more than form following function. For this reason I am convinced that Frank Lloyd Wright's funeral oration for the Gothic style is premature. He missed the underlying philosophy of the historic Christian faith.

EVERY style of architecture will have changes and modifications. Gothic is no exception. It, too, has had modifications for the present age. *Dynamic Gothic* is the result. These modifications are to be expected and do not break the mood of the style itself. Except to the purist, the use of reinforced steel and concrete in the Gothic mood is not only good architecture, but a glorious way of applying the past's experience and inspiring emotional patterns to the contemporary age.

To toss off blithely so rich a heritage as Gothic, or for that matter Romanesque, is to miss one of the great truths of the Christian soul. The secular mind may agree with architect Louis Sullivan's "Form follows function," but the Christian church declares, "Form and function follow a fact." Karl Schinkel first expressed the mood of modern architecture when he asked that the world produce in his time not a style that would have eternal meaning, but a style for his particular age.

On the other hand, the Christian church believes that there is an eternal fact, one which is the purpose of our being, to say nothing of the purpose of our building. That fact is the revelation of God's love in Jesus Christ. This kind of faith requires that.

The church structure does not represent beauty alone. To a Christian, the church and its building represent Christ's personal love that infuses all beauty with radiance, character, and spirituality that shall be endless. Gothic has come to represent such radiant worship!

To be sure, there are some religions that may be able to express their building mood in a passing, immediate way. This is the essence of what has been called pragmatic religion. Such a position is not valid in historic Christianity. Christians not only perform deeds religiously, but they have and believe in a religion—the religion of Jesus Christ. This is the core of the matter.

Christianity is a religion with roots deep in the earth of a mount called "The Skull." It is a religion that calls every age to social responsibility, peaceful purpose, and vital faith. It calls our age to see not only what is beautiful but what is truthful.

The architect who holds a particular style as "the style" to the exclusion of all others loses the roots that will keep his architecture functional and modern in the years ahead. Who among the modern theologians—and most social-minded Christians—would declare that the way to serve Christ in the 20th century is to say good-by to Christ of the first century? Architecture without roots is like Christianity without the cross. Dynamic Gothic has spiritual, historic roots.

The Dynamic Gothic spire does not represent the monarchy of man, unless some stilted mind views it so, but exemplifies the missile-age soul of modern democratic man pointing upward to the Christ who declared, "Lo, I am with you always."

Modern architecture has made its contribution in the field of church buildings. Its structural advances are not only valuable but, in a precise sense, blessed. In the hands of an inspired, dedicated architect these forms reveal beauty—at times spiritual beauty. Likewise the Romanesque and the Renaissance. But as is true in any political, cultural, or intellectual idea that achieves a degree of popularity, the devotees are exposed to the dangers of misusing their own principles or, worse, ignoring the contribution of traditional points of view. To me, this is the distinction between those who would advocate a popular as against an enduring form.

Modern architecture can achieve greatness. But Dynamic Gothic, when modified for the age, has in it the tremendous message of faith and inspiring emotional response that the contemporary generation would lose with great penalty, even to the peril of its soul. Dynamic Gothic has roots that will keep it modern for years.

At the turn of the century countless Protestant architects employed the modern of 1900. It consisted of sloping floors, circular balconies, sliding doors, central pulpit, and altar of organ pipes. Its form followed the function of the theatrics and sawdust-trail preaching. It served well that function. It was practical, catered to crowds, and appeared to give most for the money at that time.

With all of that, it has taken less than half a century to outdate the modern of that time. Why? It was functional for the turn of the century; its form followed function blindly. On the other hand, those who created modified-Gothic-mood churches at the turn of the century have structures not only useful but beautiful in the historic Christian sense—even to the missile-age eye.

ROOTS do not eliminate "being modern and practical." Only the misuse of roots can do that. Modernists weep tears of indignation when unfair critics judge their work by second-rate examples and uninspired structures. This is a proper objection.

By the same token, the Gothicist has the right to the same fair play. The stilted, conventionally blinded architect is not fit to interpret Dynamic Gothic. He is merely a trite copyist, when genius is demanded.

Gothic purists are vulnerable to attack. Purists are extremists. Extremists in architecture, as in religion and politics, frequently injure the cause they seek to serve. The purist may falsely fume at the use of steel, concrete, glass, and other modern materials in the Dynamic Gothic structure, but his purism does not fulfill the mood of the ever sky-expanding theme of the Gothic. He is impaled by his own press-agent prejudices of purism.

In the hands of the spiritually inspired genius, Dynamic Gothic can be functional as any style. It can be as modern as next month's TOGETHER. It has also proved its ability to arouse emotional and spiritual responses as a sacred style. Dynamic Gothic best expresses the fact that "God became flesh and dwelt among us." And it can produce a church that looks like a church!

Down the years ✝ ✝ ✝ with Church Architecture

How shall man glorify God through the edifices in which he worships? The answer of "contemporary" architects was depicted here last month. . . . Now, we present eight churches blending beauty and the Christian traditions.

IF BEAUTY is a luxury, then God is a wastrel. Why should he waste himself with the making of stars and violets, or take up space on the earth with mountains and waterfalls, or trouble himself with sunrises and butterflies?

If beauty is a luxury, then man were better a beast. Why should he struggle to make a speech march in chaste and noble cadence? Why should he labor to create a poem, fashion a symphony, write a book? Or trouble himself with art galleries, concerts, and architecture? It is simpler to shuffle dully through life as if we were oxen.

Jesus Christ has dealt with this. One evening just before his arrest, while he was dining at the home of Simon in Bethany, a woman burst into the room. To everyone's surprise, she went directly to Jesus, broke open an alabaster jar of fabulously expensive perfume, and poured it upon his head, as was the custom in those days of anointing a king.

The perfume was equivalent to a year's wages. Those present were shocked, then provoked.

"Why such a waste?" they scolded.

Their surprise was not over, for Jesus understood and came to the woman's defense.

"Why do you trouble the woman?" he asked. "She has done a beautiful thing. For you always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me."

Our Lord always had concern for a practical ministry to the needy. In his parable on the judgment he taught that devotion to him must be expressed in such practicality as feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick.

But Jesus knew every virtue must be guarded lest it become a vice. So at Bethany Jesus was warning his followers that even such a virtue becomes a deadly vice unless it is balanced by no less concern to minister unto mankind with beauty.

He was insisting that beauty was not a luxury, that mankind needs beauty even as it does bread.

So, in a world of want we have need for the precious ointment of beauty—an armful of roses and a sky full of stars, a *Ninth Symphony* or hills against a sunset sky, a poem, or even a noble church rising where once was a dusty parking lot.

—Everett W. Palmer,
Minister, First Methodist Church
Glendale, Calif.

Many persons gave aid and counsel in preparing these pages, especially: Dr. Harold Ehrensperger of Boston University School of Theology; Dr. H. M. King of the Department of Architecture, Division of National Missions of the Board of Missions, The Methodist Church; and Dr. Marvin P. Halverson of the Department of Worship and the Arts, National Council of the Churches of Christ.—EDS.

Whalers' beacon, *this beautiful church warmed the hearts of early Methodists. Its pulpit was once part of an old sailing ship.*

The White Pillars of New England

Century-old hand-hewn beams are still in place.

RICH WITH THE LORE of whaling days, stately Edgartown, Mass., Methodist Church is a landmark in the famous Martha's Vineyard vacationland. A stout breed of seafaring Methodists traces its beginnings here back to 1787. Designed by Frederic Baylies, this beautiful church was built in 1842.

With a touch of the Greek in its pillars, its clean, simple lines give the impression of strength and permanence. It has all that. The huge, hand-hewn beams of red pine were brought from Maine by whaling ships. In the tower, a visitor can see the 50-foot beams fastened by wooden pegs.

The unusual upstairs sanctuary—with its box pews, whale-oil chandeliers, and foot warmers—is hallowed with the traditions of early America and of Methodism alike.

The Arched Heritage of Old Rome

THE BROAD STREET Memorial Methodist Church Drexel Hill, Pa., is a superb example of modi-d Romanesque architecture. The arch—devel-ed in old Rome—is used with all of the grace d strength of the ancient design.

Broad Street's arch is a striking setting for the eat rose window and religious symbols above e doors. Inside, a unique truss design heightens e spacious effect. Above the altar hangs a fine py of the *Sistine Madonna* by Raphael.

This outstanding example of Christian art was produced from the collection of the late Rod-an Wanamaker. The chancel window portrays e triumphant Christ. The architect of this out-nding church was A. Hensel Fink.

Faced with the task *of designing a church edifice that would dominate other buildings, the architect conceived this striking Drexel Hill church—now a show place in the Philadelphia area.*

Close-up of the fine ornamentation that adorns this building.

Sistine Madonna *copy at Broad Street Church is set off by rich and beautifully carved altar framing.*

Three times a day from First Methodist's carillon tower, at main gate of University of Arizona, students are called to prayer.

The Old and Storied Spanish Southwest

***Colorful chancel** gives warmth to worship at the beautifully conceived Catalina Methodist Church in Tucson, Ariz.*

Two COLORFUL Methodist churches in Tucson, Ariz., recall the architecture of the old missions.

First Methodist uses glazed tiles and the great doors are of wrought iron and glass. The education wing, social hall, chapel, and carillon tower were designed by Funk, Wagner, and Sundt. The new sanctuary is the work of Scholer and Fuller.

Catalina Methodist likewise was designed for the desert landscape. Harold Wagoner, the architect, carried on traditions of San Xavier del Bac, the Indian mission near Tucson dating back to 1720.

***Catalina's** simulated bells and broad exposures of plain masonry reflect the heritage from ancient Spain.*

The English Heritage

BEST-KNOWN CHURCH in Evanston, just north of Chicago, is First Methodist—associated throughout its history with Northwestern University and scene of the World Council of Churches Assembly in 1954. But of special interest because of its architecture is Emmanuel Methodist, designed by the celebrated firm of Holabird and Roche.

It is in style typical of the English parish churches—John Wesley, founder of Methodism, would have felt at home here. This brownstone church was built in 1891, but alterations were made through the years.

***This great arch** and yellow windows cast a warm glow over worshipers in Emmanuel's sanctuary.*

*A **fitting site** for a Gray's* Elegy *is this English-parish style church outside Chicago. The steeple has been removed.*

Christ Church: Classic Byzantine

Byzantine beauty on New York City's well-known Park Avenue.

No NAME STANDS higher in America as an exponent of traditional church architecture than Ralph Adams Cram. His favorite style was Gothic. Lacking space at 520 Park Avenue in America's largest city, he chose Byzantine for Christ Church —with emphasis upon interior beauty.

Byzantine is associated with vaulted ceilings and mosaics. And few mosaics in America are more beautiful than those in Christ Church—of which this month's cover is an example.

***Mammoth mosaic;** a breath-taking view of the great vaulted sanctuary of Christ Church, inlaid with tens of thousands of bits of glass.*

***anding at the cultural center** of Cleveland, amid a parklike setting, Epworth-uclid has been a part of the Ohio city's religious life for more than 125 years.*

Gothic From the French

IN EPWORTH-EUCLID Methodist Church, Cleveland, the ate Grosvenor Goodhue proved that Gothic still fits the oth century. His church combines highly practical design vith rare architectural beauty.

Goodhue often visited famed Mont Saint Michel off the orthern coast of France and its lines are reflected in Epworth-Euclid. The modified Gothic mood is climaxed by he "heavenward pointing" flèche. This church has been ited as one of America's most beautiful—a masterpiece by renowned architect.

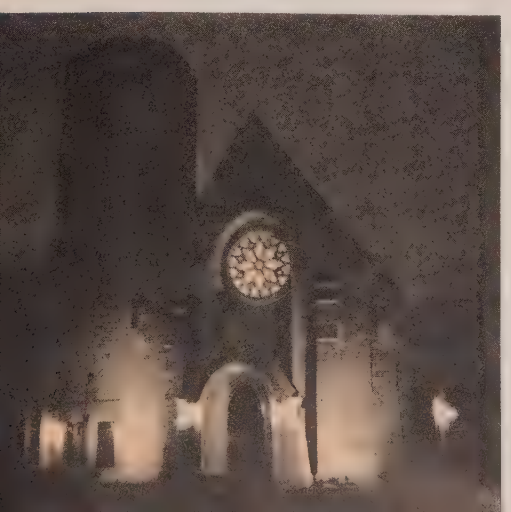
***Symphony in stone,** is Mont Saint Michel, a landmark of the 13th century.*

***The John Wesley** window shows the life story of Methodism's founder.*

***Praise window**, this beautiful "rose" glass portrays the heavenly angels, each of whom plays a different musical instrument.*

Gothic Grandeur . . . Glow of Glass

***Beauty by night**—the Webster Hills sanctuary is of classic Gothic.*



A STRUGGLING MISSION venture in 1930, the Webster Hills, Mo., Methodist Church has recently completed a striking new $525,000 sanctuary. A chapel was built 25 years ago and an educational building is planned for the future.

Gothic in exterior, Webster Hills is finished on the inside with a contemporary touch—including air conditioning. The church is a glow of glass with 24 stained windows telling the story of Jesus and of mankind up to date—even atomic fission. The great Te Deum window portrays modern and ancient figures alike — Amos and Isaiah, Florence Nightingale, and Albert Schweitzer. A. Hensel Fink designed the chapel and sketched the church. Architect Gale Henderson did the working drawings.

Teen-agers come up with tough problems, but TOGETHER*'s "Dick"* ***Richmond Barbour*** *is always ready with sound advice.*

Teens Together

with an ex-teen-ager

I'm a girl of 15 and my brother is 17. The last few weeks he has rted going with the wrong gang. His w friends drink, smoke, and talk gh. I tried to argue with him, but got mad. What can I do?—V.A.

Many boys go through similar tough phases. Sometimes it sn't last long. However, arguing y makes them worse. If your brother s with a nice girl he may listen to Responsibility should help him. es he have much idle time? A part- job would help. Get your dad to gest it. Don't criticize his new nds—it will increase his loyalty to n.

I'm a boy of 16 and want to go with a girl, 19. My folks say she o old for me. Is that right?—V.S.

Usually boys go with girls their own age, or slightly younger.

I'm 17 and engaged to a girl. 15. Do I have the right to decide ere we'll live after we marry? She nts to stay here. I can get a better elsewhere. We fight about many ngs, but this is the worst. We've own each other only three weeks. ybe we shouldn't marry.—K.T.

Postpone your plans a few years. You are too young to marry now d you aren't well enough acquainted. would be a weak marriage, full of rtaches. I believe that in most states husbands have the legal right to determine where they and their wives should live.

How can I rate? I'm a high-school freshman. The girl I want to date tells me her folks object. I speak well. I'm clean and neat. Yet they say I wasn't brought up properly. Is there any way for me to get to go with girls like that one?—A.M.

If it's possible, be an athlete. Or hold a school office. Try to become a writer on your school paper. If you can excel at things your classmates think are important, you'll be accepted.

I'm a boy of 17. My trouble is that I swear. Where I used to live all my gang talked that way. After we moved here I found Christ and became a better person. But bad words still slip out. Will you help me?—J.B.

Promise yourself never to swear again and keep trying. The slips will grow less frequent and you'll succeed.

I'm 15 and went steady with a boy a year and a half ago. He became a delinquent and my father made me stop seeing him. Soon afterward he was caught stealing and was sent to reform school. Now he is back and seems to have reformed. He is doing well in school, goes to church, and has a good job. He has asked me for another date and I want to say yes, but I'm afraid of what my father would do. Can you help me? Boys really can reform, can't they?—L.B.

I've known many boys who came back from state schools and made good. Talk with your father; tell him the story and ask his permission. Ask him to check with adults who know the boy. After that, you'll have to do as he says.

I can't get over my blues. I had a scholarship to college, but did a foolish thing and it was canceled. I came back home and found the girl I loved had married another boy. The shock made me sick at first. Now I'm better physically, but not mentally. I'm afraid to see my friends. I want to hide. I'm depressed. I'd like to see a psychiatrist, but he is 100 miles away. Can you help me?—M.W.

Any sensitive person would be upset by such blows. Here are a few suggestions: Start doing jobs around your home—painting, fixing furniture, pruning trees. Keep busy doing things which hold your attention. As soon as possible go back to church and MYF. You'll get emotional support there. Then look for a paid job. Save your money and enroll in college again next fall.

I'm a girl of 17. My trouble is clothes. My father would be willing to buy new dresses and coats, but my mother won't let him. I have only two dresses and one shabby coat. My

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Peyton Place: Adults (+)

Other reviewers have pointed out that the characters in the film have been elevated in contrast with the degenerate originals in the novel and that the objectionable material has been largely eliminated. The movie is an interesting study of youthful discovery of the sex drive's power and, to a lesser extent, the meaning of adult selfhood in a New England town where respectability is a thin veneer. The final sermon given by the doctor on behalf of human values appears to be tacked onto a story in which morality has little relation to any divine purpose.

Legend of the Lost: Adults (+) Youth (+)

John Wayne, a professional guide, and Rossano Brazzi, an explorer in search of hidden treasure, fight it out on the Sahara sands for the even hotter love of Sophia Loren, a dance-hall girl. If the film were worthy of serious consideration, Rossano's changed motivation (from religious to lust for gold) would be objectionable.

Sad Sack: Children (+) Youth (+)

Jerry Lewis as the typical soldier who does everything wrong is given a baker's dozen of tried-and-true gag situations. Most of them will appeal to the less discriminating viewers.

Raintree County: Adults (+)

In this lavish and costly Civil War picture, Montgomery Clift is an Indiana boy in love with Eva Marie Saint, a childhood sweetheart, and she loves him. But Elizabeth Taylor, a visiting slave owner from the South, tricks Clift into marrying her. It is a strange marriage with somber emotional overtones. When war breaks out, Clift joins the Union Army and Elizabeth's mental disturbance leads her to a desperate situation. The feminine audience particularly will have its emotions stirred.

Don't Go Near the Water: Adults (+)

Most adults will enjoy this slapstick comedy of the navy's public relations boys in spite of the unfortunate fact that the screen play sometimes is in poor taste, occasionally approaches the vulgar, and more than once comes close to obscenity.

Tarnished Angels: Adults (—)

A World War I flying ace is still in love with death as he makes the barnstorming, plane-racing circuit of the early '20s. His mistreated wife and adoring son continue to love him, however, despite all his shortcomings, to the final scene.

Sayonara: Adults (+) Youth (+)

The James Michener novel is presented in an affecting film with Japanese life pictured in scenes of surpassing loveliness. The plot involves the romance between Marlon Brando, a pilot stationed in Japan, and Miiko Taka, a Japanese dancing girl. Red Buttons (Brando's pal) and his Japanese bride are also excellent in their characterizations.

Mark of the Hawk: Adults (+) Youth (+)

Out of the conflict of African races, civilizations, and religions comes an explosive film. Sidney Poitier, an educated African, has been elected to the Legislative Council by the votes of his working-class followers. But when he and his wife, Eartha Kitt, attend a reception at the governor's house, they are rebuffed by a white colonist—and a race war develops. John McIntyre, a missionary, tries without success to prevent bloodshed.

Wild Is the Wind: Adults (+)

Anna Magnani is the second wife of wealthy sheep rancher Anthony Quinn, whose deceased first wife (Anna's sister) is constantly in his mind and heart. In her frustrated loneliness, Anna turns for love to Anthony Franciosca, who is almost a son to Anthony Quinn. The tempestuous actors measure up well to the tempestuous script.

mother says I have more clothes than she had at my age. What can I do?—J.Y.

A Parents need to discover things for themselves. Can you get your mother to go to school affairs and see how other girls dress? Try to go to church or to parties with her so she'll see what's new. Would she be willing to talk about clothes with the mothers of your friends? Perhaps your father will help persuade her. If she still refuses, try to get a part-time job so you can buy some of your own clothes.

Q *This is the first time I've loved a girl. I'm 13 but look older. I think about my girl all the time. Last night Dad said I was either dopey or in love because of the way I acted. I was afraid to say anything. My girl is my wonderful, dear sweetheart and she loves me, too. How can I tell Dad about her?—D.B.*

A Just tell him there is a girl you like a lot. Try not to use the word "love" and avoid descriptive comments. Don't get mad if he calls it a crush.

Q *I'm 14 and going steady for the first time. The boy I go with also goes steady with another girl. I can't sleep over this. Why are boys fickle? Is he normal?—S.A.*

A Most boys and girls are fickle at 14. Go out with different boys and don't be upset if they get interested in someone else. You'll find you are changeable, too.

Q *I'm 16. I went steady with a boy who is not truthful. Now that we've broken up he is telling terrible lies about me. The kids kid me about it. How can I protect myself?—M.A.*

A This happens more frequently than you'd expect. Keep on being good. Your real friends know the truth. Tell anyone who speaks to you about it that there's nothing to the stories. They will blow over eventually.

PROBLEMS? *Dr. Barbour is one of the nation's top authorities on the problems of teen-agers. If you need help, write him c/o* Together, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—Eds.

family opens its heart to a lonely boy and witnesses

Homemade Miracle

By NANCY L. NEIL

'HERE HE STOOD, a thin youngster with a nar- row, pinched face and a lost-puppy look. Once again impulse was to put my arms around him and tell he would never be hurt again. But I restrained my- . Small boys sometimes resent public demonstrations affection.

ill, my husband, said simply: "Come, Timmy. Let's your clothes."

hey entered the orphanage together, the man and quiet little boy who had captured my heart.

s Timmy leaving to stay this time, mister?" one he boys in the institution asked.

Yes, he is," Bill answered firmly. Both of us knew often Timmy had been placed for adoption, only e returned with the complaint: "This boy isn't what want. He's too quiet and he won't talk."

ur two daughters were delighted with their long- mised "big brother." On the way home, Janet and vied for a chance to sit by him or do something for . Timmy took it somewhat sheepishly but said noth-

He's like me," Bill said with a smile. "He only talks n he has something to say."

at in our hearts we knew better. I think I realized truth the first time I saw him. That was months be- , when he appeared for the first time in the Sunday ol where I was superintendent. He seemed all alone room filled with children.

You're new here, aren't you?" I asked.

Yes," he answered. The single syllable was brief and ly audible.

Your name?"

Timmy Brown."

Your age?"

Eleven."

Will you be here all the time?"

ust for the summer."

thought a lot about Timmy after that, wondering t life could have done to a child to make him so shy withdrawn. He reminded me of pictures I'd seen of

children in war-torn countries. His hurt look haunted me. Finally I said to Bill: "I've got to find out about that child and what makes him that way."

Later I learned Timmy was six when his parents turned him over to the state home, telling him they couldn't afford to keep three children. He had never seen or heard from them again. The state placed him in several homes. But he always came back.

After we determined to adopt Timmy there were many delays. We were far from well to do. Our Western farm was drought stricken and our small home had only four rooms. But finally we were visited by a family consultant from the state home. He spent several hours talking to us.

"You wouldn't mind his being quiet and never saying a word or laughing or smiling?" the consultant asked finally. There was a trace of doubt in his voice.

"The look in that boy's eyes will continue to bother me," I answered, "but I think Timmy has reason to be unhappy. If anyone has a reason to feel rejected, he has—and telling him to be different won't do any good. I think he must be loved and accepted the way he is. Timmy is a sensitive youngster who has buried his emotions within himself."

I was confident then, but I must admit I had momentary misgivings after we took Timmy to the attic room we had fixed especially for him. As he stood there he looked smaller than ever, more crushed than before. There was no emotion, no elation in his eyes.

"Don't you like your room?" Bill asked. Timmy merely shrugged.

That night I lay awake thinking of the boy in the attic room above us. Who could blame him, I thought, for not liking something that he feared would be taken away from him? Or perhaps he would never react normally to the love and affection we stood ready to give him. It hadn't worked with the last family —prosperous farm folk and splendid church people. They had failed to understand him, and the problem was complicated by an older son who not only resented Timmy's presence but often mistreated the smaller boy.

Now it was up to us.

Weeks passed. If we had expected Timmy to change into a bright, smiling boy we would have been disappointed. But slowly at first, then with more encouraging frequency, Timmy began to change.

Bill and I can't take all the credit—I'm afraid. Much of that goes to a puppy named Rumple—and a prize-winning 4-H Club hog.

Rumple was a present from a veterinarian who took a personal interest in our boy. How Timmy did talk —yes, talk—about dogs in general and Rumple in particular! Once, after we read a story about a child selling a dog for $100, I asked Timmy if he would sell Rumple for that. "No," he said flatly. "I wouldn't sell Rumple for any amount of money."

The 4-H hog wasn't a registered animal, but she belonged to Timmy and he took a personal interest in his project. He spent hours training her to mind and she did well. For a week before the fair he scrubbed and polished her, but on the morning of the big day he was irked when I sent him to clean up and change his clothes.

"I want *my* prize exhibit to be clean, too," I explained.

Timmy was like that—careless with his clothes, adverse to bath water. School work didn't come easy and, as with many boys, his moods were unpredictable. But he loved the farm. Each morning when he left the house for the fields, he reminded me of a boy starting out to go fishing. Happiness was in his every movement. Gone then was the shy, apologetic manner he still displayed on some other occasions.

The change in Timmy was noticed by the family consultant. "How do you account for it?" he asked.

"Perhaps it was just that we were able to make him feel wanted," I told him. "We let him know that we liked him just as he was and that no matter what, he could always depend on our love. Then, too, I've always felt that God must have sent us this boy because we needed him and he needed us. Furthermore, I think life on the farm—fresh air, exercise, and good food—agrees with Timmy."

As Timmy gained weight and began taking an active interest in his role as a new member of the family, his hold on my heartstrings became stronger than ever. I realized that especially on the day we prepared to fill out final adoption papers.

"It looks as if we may lose our boy," Bill said. He had only to nod toward the cloudless horizon to explain.

After a snowless winter, spring brought no rain. High winds whipped the sand across our fields. There was no money in the bank and little hope of borrowing what we needed. Even well-established farmers faced a dark future.

Financial problems are always hard to face, but far worse was the prospect of losing Timmy. We knew, and the state knew, we couldn't meet the financial requirements for persons wanting to adopt children. So, as we watched the sand whipping across our farm, tearing the new grain to shreds, we felt the clutches of the state's adoption law closing around our boy.

"We can't give him up now," I told Bill. "I won't let him go. Surely God won't let them take him away from us."

I must admit my faith wasn't strong. Although I prayed for a miracle, I worried so much that our family doctor became concerned about my health. "You are doing the best you can and there is nothing to be gained by making yourself sick," he said. He might as well have told me to stand calmly in the face of a tornado.

Even the family consultant from the state home, knowing the rigid requirements of the law, was sympathetic.

"God has a way of taking care of these things," he said. "You know, and I know, that Timmy is far better off here than in the state home. He is getting the things he really needs, the love and acceptance that are more

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mportant than anything an institu-
ion can give him. Unfortunately, by
he letter of the law, I know of no
ay you can be permitted to keep
immy—so you must leave it in the
ord's hands."

Why, I asked, had God let life deal small child so much trouble and isery? Why had he given us immy, only to stand aside while he state snatched him away from us?

"That," the consultant said, "is the agedy of sin. The innocent suffer as ell as the guilty. But if God wants ou to keep this child, he will find a ay."

God did find a way. It came in the rm of a new state ruling which mplified the adoption of older chil-ren—and gave us Timmy for keeps!

I think of those days now when hear footsteps on the porch and he door opens for a tall, 16-year-old igh-school student. Timmy is a smil-ng, confident boy now. He excels in rts and crafts and shows promise of eing a track man. He is active in hurch work, particularly his MYF roup, and he plays the piano for a unday-school class.

When I hear his laughter ringing ut with that of his adoring foster sters, I remember again the first me I heard that laughter. It hap-ened one evening nearly four years go when the girls and I were going the dentist.

"I guess Daddy and Timmy will st have to stay home and baby-sit th each other," Janet commented emnly.

I could see the amusement twin-ing out of Timmy's eyes and itching at the corners of his mouth ntil, unable to hold it back, he ughed—good and loud!

And I remember the first time he emed to lose his self-consciousness nough to begin really talking. That as during a visit to the zoo, and we ad counted on the visit to break the e. The results exceeded my expec-tions. How that boy loved to talk bout animals!

These were little things, I guess. ut perhaps better than any others, ey symbolize the transformation of immy into a happy, normal child. ounded on love and understanding -and buttressed by the ever-present elp of God—we saw, in our own ousehold, a homemade miracle take lace.

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

The RESURRECTION
Rock of Our Faith

By ROY L. SMITH

LET'S SAY, as a matter of historical accuracy, that the Resurrection saved Jesus from oblivion. There were thousands of preachers in Jesus' day wandering up and down the highways of the earth. Some were learned, many were eloquent. Some seem to have had an honest desire to be helpful and others an actual spiritual skill.

From our New Testament we learn something of one powerful preacher—a desert prophet known as John the Baptist. From the few scattered accounts we have, he seems to have spoken to multitudes. There is even some reason to believe he preached to more people than Jesus.

In only a few cases, however, has even the name of the preacher survived. In the case of John, we have no more than 164 of his words, of all the millions that poured from his impassioned lips.

The explanation is simple. Jesus of Nazareth was the only one who rose from the dead!

The Resurrection of Jesus lends authority to the things he said. Other preachers of his day taught beautiful things. The rabbis told remarkable parables. The priests of the mystery religions, among the Greeks, were often wonder workers because of their understanding of psychological principles. But none rose from the dead and few are remembered because of even a single sentence.

We accept the Sermon on the Mount as the noblest utterance, the highest idealism because the words were spoken originally by one who died and rose again.

The reason the parable of the prodigal son and the good Samaritan are effective is because they were told by one who died and rose again.

The reason men believe in the ultimate triumph of justice, decency, and truth is because one who represented these things in his own life died and rose again.

It was as if God had placed his personal endorsement on the life of Jesus by restoring him to life.

Herod, the playboy, died and remained dead. Pilate, the politician, died in disgrace. Annas, the multimillionaire, died despised of all the Jews. Caiaphas, the high priest who bribed his way to the ecclesiastical throne, was deposed from office to die in shame and remain an object of contempt.

But the carpenter of Galilee, who went about doing the will of God, was raised from the dead to become the immortal hope of all hearts.

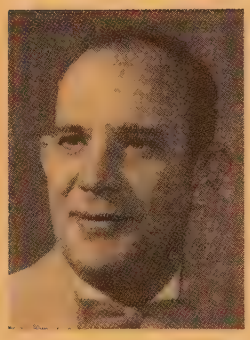
It was the Resurrection that aroused men's curiosity about Jesus and became responsible for our theology concerning him.

It was because of the Resurrection that the Christian Church came into existence. Without it, there would have been no Church. Abandon our faith in the Resurrection and the Church would die.

The Resurrection is the central fact of our Christian faith.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS



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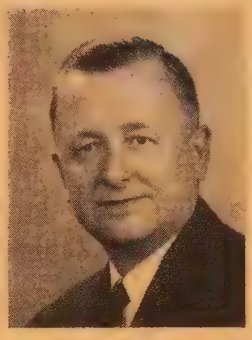

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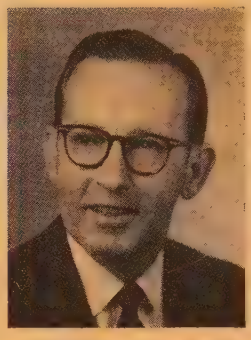

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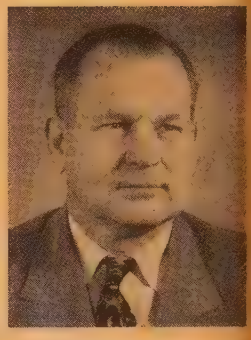


C. T. Hawes
Casper, Wyo.

MARCH 23

Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.—Matthew 28:19

ROY WAS HELPLESSLY crippled from birth. He was the operator of a newsstand, not a trained minister. How could he go? How could he share?

Gene was blind. Arthritis confined him to bed. Increasing deafness threatened to sever the audible tie which bound him to others. How could he share light and movement when his was a world of darkness and passivity?

Our Lord did not give us a commission and leave us powerless in its performance. "Lo, I am with you always!" His love and presence touched Roy with more understanding of others and appreciation for the enduring values of life. He shared his faith, courage, and understanding with young men from the nearby air base who would go into all the world. The deeper dimensions of life which he found in our Father's house were remembered as Roy made God's business his business.

Gene obtained a ham radio license. He shared an unfailing light with those in distant places who walked in sunlight but sometimes lived in shadows. The power of the love of our Lord, who was no stranger to suffering, encouraged Gene to rise above self-pity. His joy was in sharing the vision and the voice.

The presence and power of the Lord of life come to us. In illness or health, we can respond to his friendship and aid in his work. Others may carry our concern and the message of Christ's redemptive love. No one need be mute, motionless, or discouraged.

Certainty prevails among Christians during this Lenten period. The love of Christ triumphs and we are called to be his triumphant disciples. The Christ life within is the beginning of Christ within the life of all the world. Sharing Christ is the beginning of brotherhood, which draws our Lord's followers into world unity. The earth-molding influence we reveal depends upon the active citizenship we are called to exercise in God's kingdom.

Prayer: O Lord, grant us the will and the means to exalt thee that all nations may proclaim thy sovereign majesty. Amen.

—MARVIN H. ADAMS

MARCH 30

For as often as you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.—I Corinthians 11:26

IT'S GOOD to be in debt. Some feel that a reasonable debt is a good thing. They argue, particularly for a church, that a debt provides something for which to work. Co-operation, industry, and ideals are more likely in a group that must liquidate an indebtedness. Apathy is likely in the group that has arrived.

There is something to this claim. However, many today are not realistic concerning indebtedness. Churches, individuals, and families are mortgaged until debt is a crushing burden. This is not the good."

There is but one indebtedness which can never be too great. Paul suggests that in the Lord's Supper is witness to our indebtedness to Christ for his redemptive sacrifice. This indebtedness should make us responsive to a living Lord.

"For as often as . . ." Is there danger that repetition will minimize this rite? Not if in each observance we "are proclaiming that the Lord has died" for us. Not if it inspires new love, hope, and joy in our Christian experience. Frequently, friends get together in simple, old-fashioned fellowship. Reflecting on the good time, all agree: "We must do this more often." Observing the Lord's Supper cannot occur too often, if each observance reminds us of our debt to Christ.

Prayer: Gracious Lord, keep us mindful of our indebtedness to thee. Help us to express that sense of indebtedness in loyal and loving service. Amen.

—GEORGE H. PALMER

APRIL 6

Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think.—Ephesians 3:20

IN ONE OF the remote sections of our state there is a beautiful rural church that commands the attention of all who pass by. It was in this church that I recently had a real worship experience. This high hour came as a member told the thrilling story of how this lovely church came to be erected.

For over half a century an old, inadequate building stood on this location. One day it was destroyed by fire, leaving the small congregation in despair. The majority of the people had moved to the urban areas. Yet the community must have a church.

The task of building a new church seemed more than this small congregation could face. The people prayed earnestly to God for divine guidance.

Finally, enough funds were obtained to pour the foundation. With a reckless faith in God, this little band started construction. Through hard work, sacrificial giving, and great trust, this modern building was completed without any indebtedness!

As a result of this adventure with God, there was a revival of interest in the church and today it is being served by its own full-time pastor.

God working through man to do the unbelievable was not unusual to the writer of the letter to the Ephesians. His life was committed to "him who by the power at work within us is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think."

Today as we think of the cross, the empty tomb, and Easter morning, we are able to grasp something of the message being sent to the people of Ephesus. It is a good day to ask ourselves, *Have I committed my life to the risen Lord so completely that he can do far more with me and through me than I can ask or think?*

Prayer: Show us, O Christ, how thy power within us may become a more effective witness for thee. Amen.

—JOHN W. LINDSAY

APRIL 13

With the Lord on my side I do not fear. What can man do to me?—Psalm 118:6

AT A WAR-BOND rally, a speaker expressed appreciation that we had God on our side. It is reported that Joe Louis responded by saying it was far more important for us to be sure we were on God's side. This is true humility, basic to entering into the protective presence of God. When we have evaluated our own desires and motives and actions, and feel a humble confidence that we are on God's side, then we will have the assurance that he is on our side and we need fear no harm that can come from man.

I have just returned to my study after spending the afternoon calling. Again, as many times before, I have been impressed by the wonderful attitude in two homes. It is good to know those who have become able to endure confining illness by moving to God's side and accepting his spiritual power of endurance. The visitor is aware that they dwell in that protective spirit and can say, "The Lord is on my side, I do not fear."

The fifth verse of this Psalm indicates a second perception of God that is basic to this sense of protection and refuge—the bigness and strength of God. The Interpreter's Bible suggests two additional translations of "the Lord answered me and set me free"—Leslie's "answered me with freedom" and Gunkel's "led me into a broad place."

We become so entangled with our tiny portion of the world and of life that we forget the bigness of God. Here in the mountain country, when one climbs or drives to a mountaintop, he can see more of the world and can sense again the bigness of God. We are fortunate enough to have a mountain just at the edge of town. We can go to its top and we can look down and see the wide expanse of the city, the lights of its homes, its stores, its industry. Then we can look up and see the stars, closer and clearer, and we can know that God is in his heaven, and "all's right with the world."

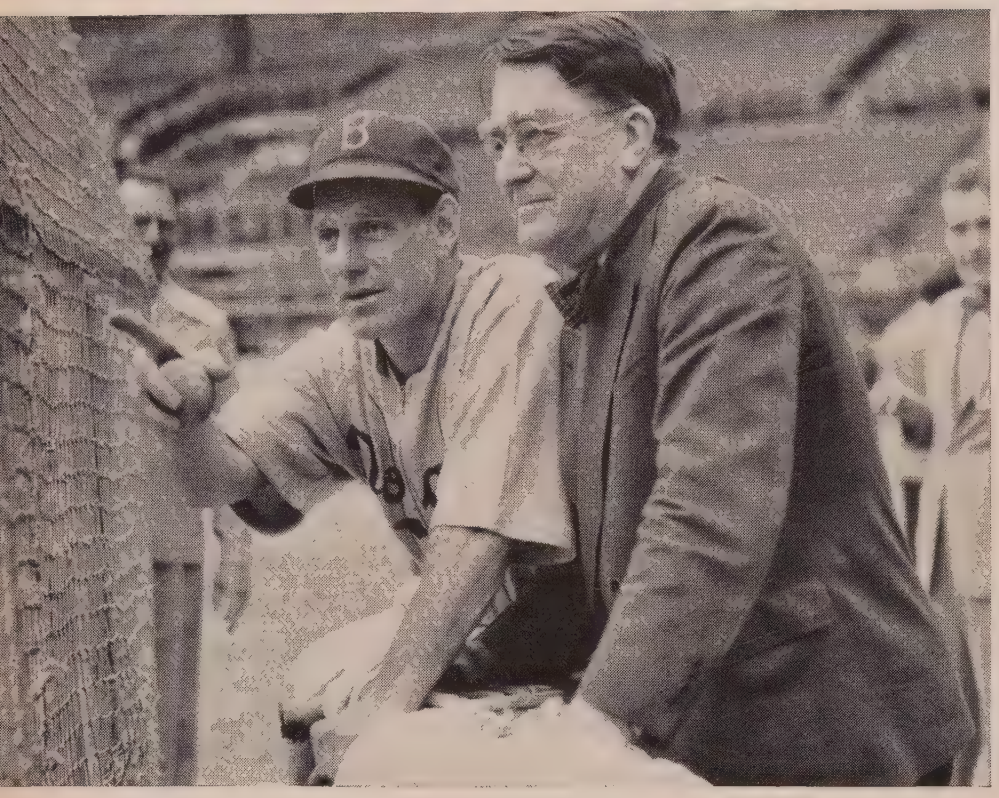
If one doesn't have the actual mountain, he can still let God lead his spirit to a high and broad place, and he can still witness the glory of God, knowing that with God at his side, nothing can harm him, and he need not fear.

Prayer: Dear God, let us come close to thee and feel thy power. Remove transgression from me, that I may live on thy side. So being in thy family, grant me thy fatherly protection and assurance, that I may live freely and without fear. In Jesus' name. Amen.

—C. T. HAWES

Barnabas takes

Looks at New Books



Wesley Branch Rickey, conferring with then-Dodger manager Leo Durocher (left), never played professional baseball on Sunday . . . in tribute to his mother.

If The Methodist Church canonized its saintly leaders, Bishop Robert Richford Roberts might today be a patron saint of DePauw University. Roberts grew to manhood when the church foundations were being laid. A pioneer at heart, he was happiest among the frontier people.

And now **Worth Marion Tippy** has done a masterful job of weaving together the records and reminiscences of those who knew the bishop. *Frontier Bishop* (Abingdon, $3.50) is a warm, affectionate portrait of the sixth bishop of our church.

A man of diverse talents, Roberts was an excellent administrator and a powerful evangelist. A desire to assure better education for others led him to devote the last decade of his life to DePauw and to name it the residuary legatee of his estate.

I doubt that any Methodist in professional sports has more friends among TOGETHER readers than Branch Rickey. We've been hearing from them since I noted last month *Branch Rickey, American in Action* (Houghton Mifflin, $4) by his close friend **Arthur Mann.**

A score or more years ago, I recall, I heard Rickey speak to 4-H youngsters. I thought then—and still do—that this Methodist layman would have made a great circuit rider if he hadn't gone into baseball!

Anent the controversy concerning TV in the home, (see *Powwow* on page 10), there's a wonderful new book of *Songs for Children* for families who want to make their own fun. This new collection, by **Hoagy Carmichael** (Simon & Schuster, $1.95), contains 23 songs in great variety.

One or two could be played by eager beginners at your house, but mostly they look to be the music Mother is called on to perform.

Two thirds of a continent separates me from **Bishop Gerald Kennedy.** But each month I think of the bishop as my neighbor—for there he is, just a page or two away, with his stimulating comments.

This month I'm happy to bid him welcome to my own bailiwick, for his new book, *I Believe* (Abingdon, $1.25), deserves to be read widely.

Bishop Kennedy here gives a clear picture of his beliefs and goals. He has brought together in less than 100 pages a revelation of how much we miss in life if we do not have firm beliefs. One passage from a chapter on fellowship:

"Among the papers left by the novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald there was a list of suggestions for future stories. One paper read: 'A widely separated family inherit a house in which they have to live together.' This is the story which is being written today. Just substitute God for the author and the world for the house: 'A widely separated family' —Russians, Germans, Chinese, Americans, Jews, Arabs—now live in a world so small that all the quarreling takes place right in our own living room. What the Bible calls 'fellowship' is more than a word or ideal. It is now the minimum requirement for living together."

Young Only Once, by **Clyde M. Narramore** (Zondervan Publishing House, $2 paperback) has one chapter worth the whole price. The author certainly has his finger on the family pulse. He talked with many teen-agers before writing this book and found young people are concerned about getting along better with their families. The chapter on this subject is outstanding.

The story is told of a famous statesman who said to a young reporter, "Yes, I'll be glad to prepare a statement for you. Just tell me when is your—what do you newspapermen call it?—your deadline?"

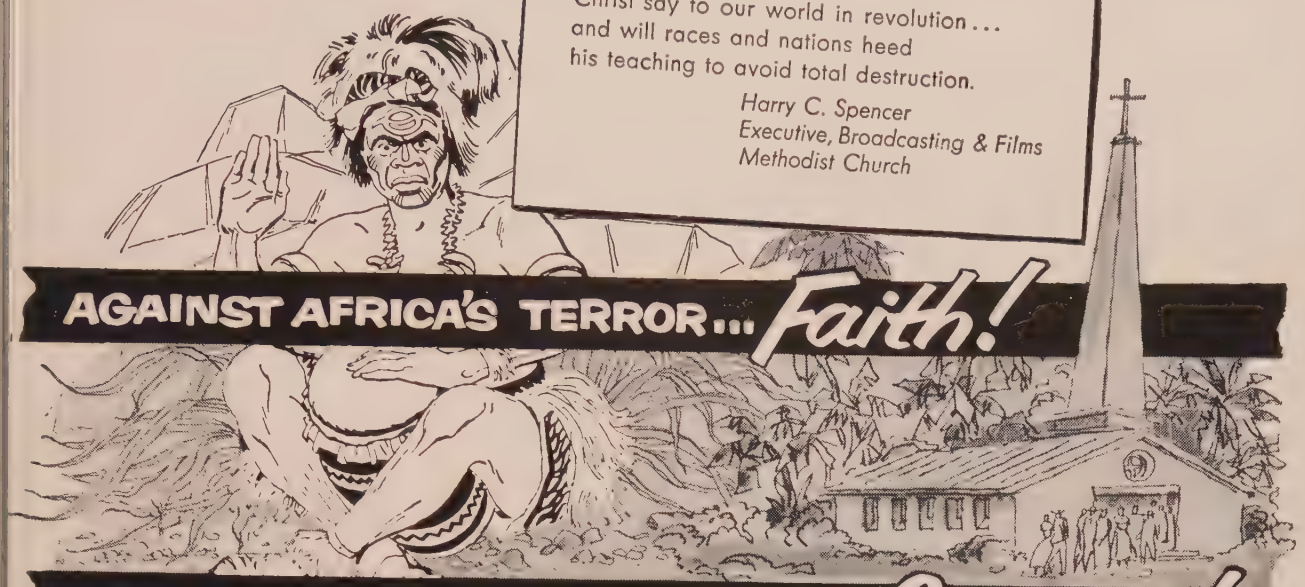
"Sir," the reported sighed, "someplace around the world at this instant a newspaper is going to press with United Press news. We've got a deadline every minute."

With that introduction, a former United Pressman, **Joe Alex Morris,** tells the story of the famed news-gathering agency on its 50th anniversary in *Deadline Every Minute* (Doubleday, $5). Open this book to any page—and there is a *good* story. A press association, such as UP, is a strange affair. Its assets are a collection of beaten typewriters and battered desks scattered around the earth, a few leased wires—and an extraordinary staff that never sleeps. All it has to sell, in the final analysis, is fast and truthful news. In this book, author Morris dishes up some exciting stories—and stories behind the news—since 1907.

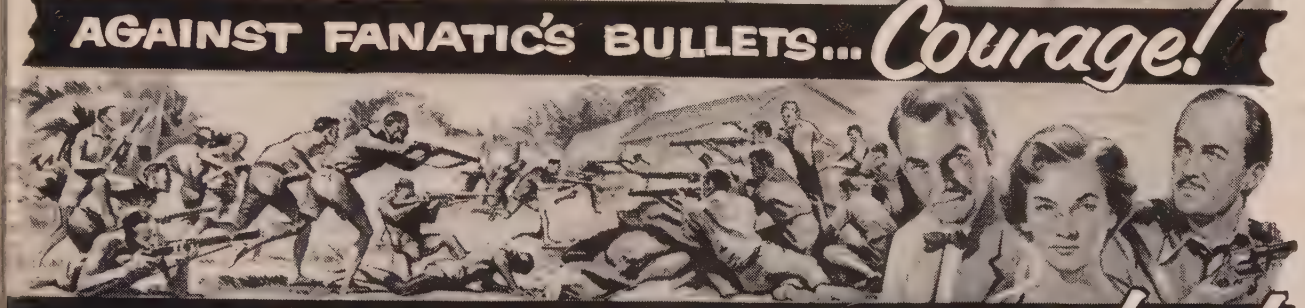
MARK OF THE HAWK. Excellent!

Powerfully dramatic. Asks what does Christ say to our world in revolution... and will races and nations heed his teaching to avoid total destruction.

Harry C. Spencer
Executive, Broadcasting & Films
Methodist Church



AGAINST AFRICA'S TERROR... *Faith!*



AGAINST FANATIC'S BULLETS... *Courage!*

AGAINST THE FLAME OF VIOLENCE... *a Woman's Love!*

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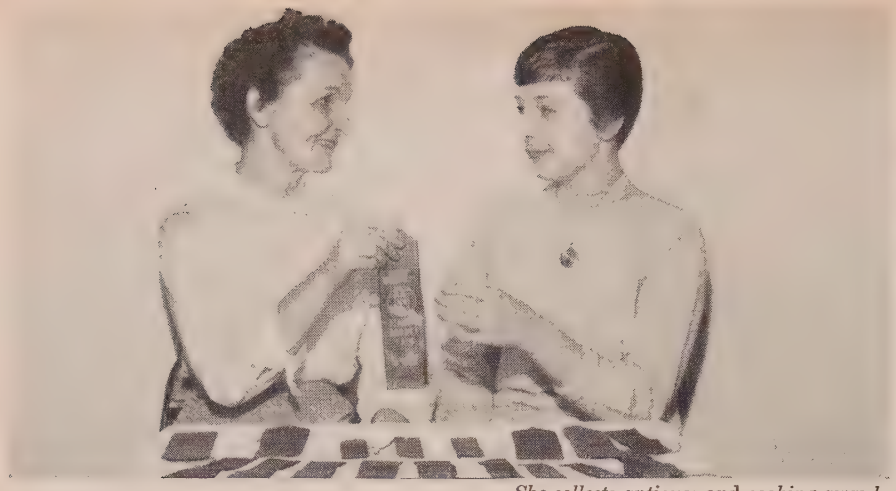


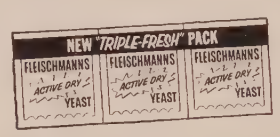
She collects antiques and *cooking awards*

Wisconsin Cook Wins Two Blue Ribbons

It's fun to have a prize-winning cook in the family, daughter Judy thinks, as she looks over her mother's awards. Mrs. George Weidman won two ribbons just last fall—at the Ozaukee County Fair.

Like most prize-winning cooks, Mrs. Weidman uses Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "It's fast and easy," she says. "Gives me perfect risings every single time."

During March, many of you plan Lenten menus. Of course, you'll include yeast-raised specialties, and if you bake at home, use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's fast and easy —and convenient, too—stays fresh for months. Keep Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast handy in your cupboard for yeast-raised treats and for the new "Yeast-Riz" Main Dishes. There's a recipe on every "Thrifty Three."



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Some of the biggest: the "false" Armistice of World War I and a similar episode in World War II; the Billy Mitchell trial over air power; the Ruth Snyder–Judd Gray murder trial; Lindbergh's transatlantic hop to Paris; the Wall Street crash of 1929, and the Hungarian revolt in 1956.

You'll have a new appreciation of the unique American news services with their sweat and dedication after reading this spirited, significant book.

Along about this time of year the smelt run, when the fish come in to shore to spawn, usually begins. And with this indication of spring, talk in the Barnabas household turns to summer camp.

Our interest in camps is twofold: The youngsters go away to camp for a couple of weeks each summer, and my Bonnie has served for years on the camp committee for the local Girl Scout camp.

For these reasons we were interested in *The Successful Camp* by **Lewis C. Reimann** (University of Michigan Press, $4.75). It's a fine handbook for anyone who owns a camp or serves on a camp committee, for it covers virtually every aspect of camp administration and accepted standards for modern camp facilities.

Of Men and Marshes, by **Paul L. Errington** (Macmillan, $4.50), is a book that got its start in glacial marshes on the author's family farm in east-central South Dakota. This man truly loves the marshlands. His love began to be known when he was a lad of 15

A day or two of warm weather brings flocks of pintails out to the marshes.

and stayed out of school the first half of December to trap on the marshes of the home farm.

Since then he's hunted and trapped marsh communities of the Middle West, the Far West, and the Southeast. He's at home in the world of muskrats, minks, ducks, geese, fish, rabbits, herons, hawks, and mice—and at any season. From his recollection of sounds I could almost hear as I read the booming of prairie chickens, the whistle of goldeneye wings in flight.

I, Barnabas, hereby resolve to keep
hart on the kitchen bulletin board
ere I shall record the comings and
ngs of our winged visitors in the
ugh at the north end of our land.

For generations, New York City's
wer East Side has been a jungle of
man misery. Through its teeming
ements have passed successive waves
unwelcomed minorities—Italians,
vs, Negroes, Puerto Ricans. Its older
mni now include the top men in the
S. wing of the Mafia—men who con-
l not only organized crime and
kets, but more political councils
n most of us dare admit.
Today, despite imposing new hous-
; developments and cleanup drives,
Lower East Side is still rocked by
lence. Among other things, it is the
mping grounds of teen-age street
ngs and their "old ladies"—girl
ends, to the uninitiated. Dope addic-
n, sexual promiscuity, muggings—
se are the commonplaces of these
ngsters' lives.
In the storm center of this hurricane
violence stands St. Augustine's Epis-
pal mission. There a staff on duty
ound the clock is seeking an answer
hatred and strife in the practical
plication of Christ's love. How this
hill battle is being waged is told
idly by the **Rev. C. Kilmer Myers,**
ar of St. Augustine's, in *Light the*
rk Streets (Seabury, $4). This is
iting reading—a book with the
lop of a heavyweight champion. It's
volume for the smug and com-
cent, for the timid who fear to face
to the evils of life.
Seldom do we want to apply the
ective "great" to a book. But we do
this one. If you want to see how
man is meeting a major national
blem, delinquency, with deeds, not
titudes—and if you're not afraid of
iness—don't miss this book!

The paintings by India's artists in
GETHER last December have taken
greater meaning since I've read
dian Painting by **W. G. Archer**
xford, $8). With 15 handsome,
ped-in color plates, you trace the
me of romantic love, which gave
nting and poetry a vitally Indian
aracter and also formed the chief In-
n contribution to the arts from early
nes.

Every week, it seems, some writer
es a new and thoughtful look at this
ntry's racial problems. Latest offer-
g is one straight from the scene of the
ent Little Rock disorders—*An Epi-
h for Dixie,* by **Harry S. Ashmore**
orton, $3.50).
Ashmore, executive editor of *The
kansas Gazette,* is an ex-GI with
mething to say. And he says it well.
native of South Carolina, first state

Good Drivers!

IF YOU DRINK...

See Your Pastor - He Can Help You Stop

We don't know WHY you drink, and perhaps you don't either, But—

WE DO KNOW* that two drinks will make you a poorer driver (25% less efficient mentally and physically). Can you continue to drive safely in today's traffic with that kind of handicap? Why carry this extra threat to the safety of yourself and your loved ones? WE DO KNOW* that alcohol is present in over 40% of all fatal traffic accidents. Recent estimates indicate that "at least 15,000 lives could be saved annually" if the alcohol factor could be eliminated.

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Write Us - We Can Help You

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* On the basis of recent research reports.
† The occasional or "social drinker" is not eligible.

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City State
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Occupation No. of Cars in Household
Make of Car Year No. of Cylinders
Body Type and Model (Series)
Use of Car: ☐ Pleasure — ☐ Business — ☐ To and From Work Miles One Way

Circle Owner of This Car → and Give requested information about all DRIVERS OF AUTOMOBILE	MYSELF	PRINCIPAL DRIVER	ALL OTHER DRIVERS 1.	2.	3.
Age?					
Sex?					
Married?					

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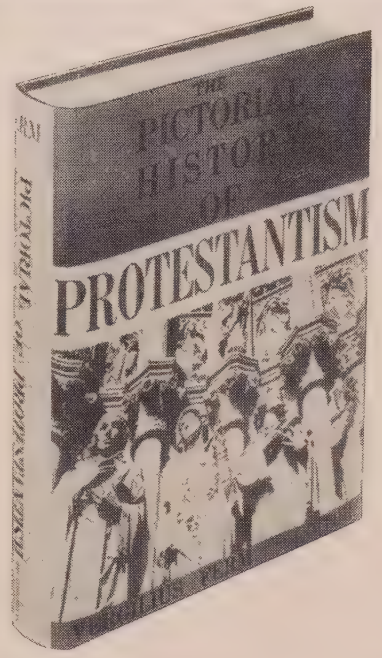

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Follow the story of Martin Luther, Wycliffe, Calvin, Knox and other early leaders. See pictures of the early circuit riders, camp meetings, and revivals. Learn of the problems created by the "Demon Rum," available then at 25 cents a gallon. This volume is the most complete collection ever assembled of the etchings, drawings, lithographs, paintings, maps and photographs depicting the 500-year history of Protestantism. Over 1,000 authentic illustrations on 512 pages. Deluxe cloth binding.

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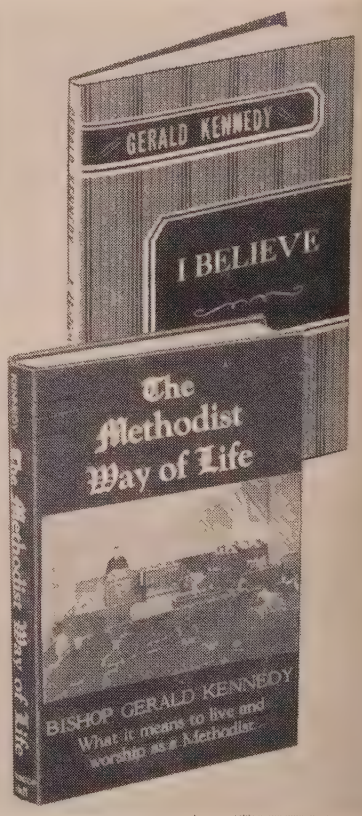
BY BISHOP GERALD KENNEDY. What can we believe and why? What can we count on? And what is the use of striving for, as the poet says, "a faith that will not shrink, tho' pressed by every foe"? Here are the answers to these questions—questions of utmost importance to every thinking man today. Here is inspiration to seek a better knowledge of what the spiritual life is and how we can live it. Here is convincing witness that the Christian life is triumphant. (AP) ..... *postpaid,* **$1.25**

A Testament of Faith

BY BISHOP BROMLEY OXNAM. One of the world's outstanding spiritual leaders tells in simple, non-theological language why he believes in God, Jesus Christ, Immortality, Prayer, the Forgiveness of Sins, and the Church. Finally he tells why he believes in the ultimate perfectibility of Man. This is a vigorous and forthright book. Its complete confidence in the efficacy of Christianity as a rule of life will comfort and inspire many, and it suggests humanitarian, common-sense answers to fundamental problems which Christian laymen have wrestled with from time immemorial. (LB) ..... *postpaid,* **$3.00**

The Methodist Way of Life

BY BISHOP GERALD KENNEDY. Here is the complete story of the Methodist Church. It presents the development of the Methodist Church from its frontier beginning to its present form—what it means to live and worship as a Methodist. The book moves at a rapid pace and the author retells many incidents that are packed with human interest. (PH) ..... *postpaid,* **$3.50**



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secede from the Union back in vil War days, he knows the South d its viewpoints. But this onetime arvard scholar also is able to look at e problem from the standpoint of e North and the nation as a whole. In his view, segregation—at least on e social level—is going to continue definitely. But he feels the South has responsibility to arrange its affairs so at Negroes may advance up the social lder as far as their individual ability arrants.

The author is a controversial figure. e has been hailed by some as a oneer in working out new patterns r the South—and condemned by ners for not defending the status quo, th armed might if necessary. How-er you may feel about the racial estion, Ashmore is worth reading. e has a definite viewpoint to express.

ow for heaven's sake, don't get your ther started on political matters till er he's digested his dinner tonight."

Visiting among our church friends, find a real surge of interest in me devotions. This growing aware-ss of the responsibility of us parents teaching our children the values matter most certainly is an en-uraging trend.

There's a new book, *Our Family rships at Home,* by **Anna Laura** and **Edward W. Gebhard** (Abingdon, 50), which offers suggestions for rting home worship. The authors use ual samples of their own family rship pattern and suggest prayers, ems, and hymns for added interest d inspiration.

The late **Sidney W. Dean** learned cook at 11. He kept at it for the next years to the eternal gratitude of ose whose privilege it was to savor product of his culinary skills.

His equal skill as a newspaperman abled him to translate his other en-usiasm into book form. *Cooking merican* (Hill and Wang, $3.95) is man's cookbook, with more than a sh of old New England. Dean omitted most of the recipes found in the ordinary cookbook, for he needed every inch of space to include odds and ends of cooking lore picked up in cooking —and eating—in every area of the United States.

Not only a scholarly re-evaluation of Oliver Cromwell's place in English history, but insight into the way succeeding generations interpret history appears in a new book by **Maurice Ashley,** *The Greatness of Oliver Cromwell* (Macmillan, $5).

Ashley, a Cromwell scholar, differs with past interpretations of his subject in that he considers him to have placed liberty of conscience above all else. And "where the choice came finally between liberty and order, he (Cromwell) preferred liberty."

Certainly this book is a contribution to the literature about Cromwell, who has been called villain, dictator, statesman, military genius, hero. Ashley claims the latter for this Protestant ruler of England from 1650 to 1658.

This work is timely: September 3 is the 300th anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's death.

Gordon N. Ray's *Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom, 1847-1863* (McGraw-Hill, $8) is the second volume of the biography of the man who is perhaps best known for *Vanity Fair.* It reveals two different aspects of Thackeray: the writer the world knew and the man known only to himself. The tensions and conflicts revealed in the latter make familiar reading in this age of psychoanalysis and self-examination. And the cloying possessiveness of Amelia's mother in *Vanity Fair* bears strong resemblance to Thackeray's own parent.

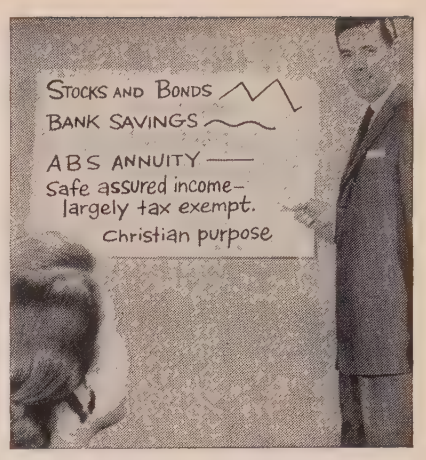
The Police Athletic League of New York, bent on helping youngsters make a better life for themselves, is noted for success in developing top-notch athletes. Last fall, in a drive to expand its influence, it decided to try its luck with letters.

An essay competition on *Why I Like to Read Books* offered books as prizes in three different age groups, 8-12, 13-15, and 16-18.

Top winner turned out to be an 11-year-old from Staten Island, Earline Murphy. At the end of his rather scholarly essay on the educational value of books was this succinct clincher: "I like to read books because it keeps me out of trouble."

Publishers, reviewers, readers would be hard put to improve upon such honest reactions as . . . "Better than money, cake, soda, and candy put together," "Books are funny and sad but you just be glad you have them," "Take a book like Huckleberry, all the funny English it has . . ."

BARNABAS



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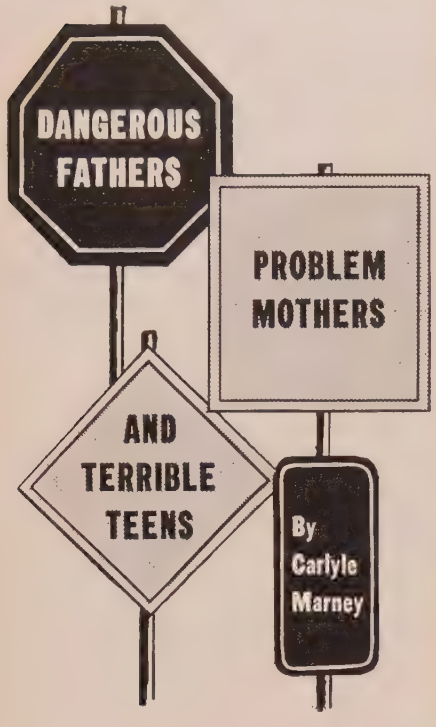

Stop, look, and listen to what Dr. Marney has to say about family living in this new book!

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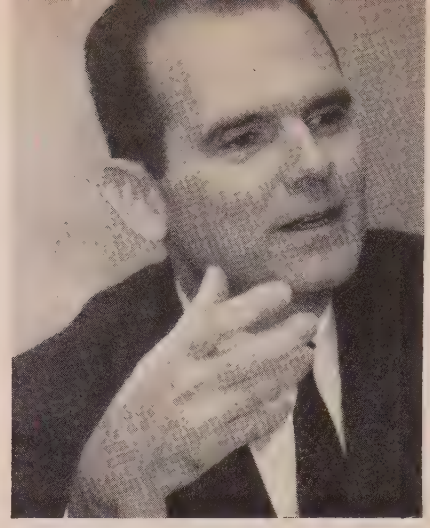


Dr. Michalson Answers Questions About

YOUR FAITH

Dr. Carl Michalson is a professor of theology, Drew Theological Seminary.

How do you explain miracles?

If one could explain them, they would not be miracles. Miracles, however, are not just inexplicable deviations from the usual. In the gospels they always signify the power of the presence of God, and the power of God since the coming of Christ is understood to be power unto salvation. (See Romans 1:16 and 1 Corinthians 1:24.)

Should Christians ask God for things?

Christians who do not ask God for things are usually unselfish and self-reliant. They do not expect God to rescue them from predicaments within their own control. They are confident that God can manage the universe without advice from them. "Not my will but thine," they pray, believing God knows what they need even before they ask. This attitude is commendable but tends to do both God and man an injustice. Man is not an angel, he is a worldling. But for material things, he could not survive as a man. A Christian may not be of the world, but he is surely in it. Moreover, it does God an injustice because it wrongly assumes that God is not moved by our requests.

Are writings now inspired like the Bible?

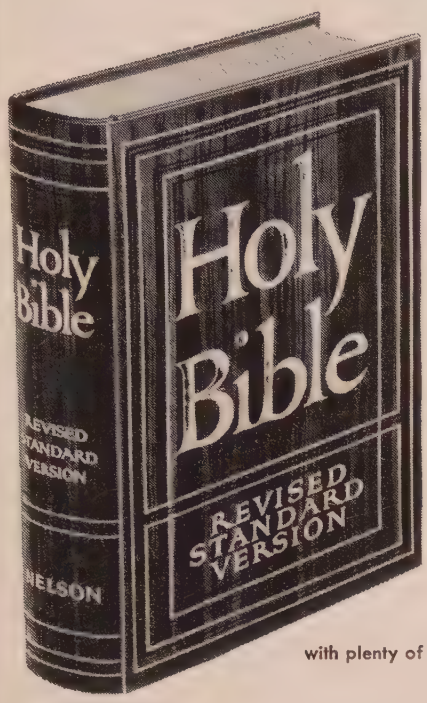
The Bible is the Christian's authority, not because it is inspired but because it is inspired with the truth of God in Jesus Christ. The apostles were raised up to witness to this truth. When the church fathers selected the writings which make up our New Testament, they had one main test: Could an apostle have written this? That meant, do these writings testify to Jesus Christ? The canonized Scriptures are unlike any other book in the way they conserve the memory of our faith. Inspired writings today which say the things the Bible says depend upon the Bible for their inspiration. Writings which say things the Bible doesn't say are not inspired unless they are a witness to Christ.

Is Christianity reasonable?

Christianity is a revealed faith. This means it is a way of life which is given us. God *gives* us this truth in the ministry of Christ and through his Church. No man has discovered it, nor does it stand under the judgment of man. In that sense, Christianity is not "reasonable."

In another sense, however, Christianity is most reasonable, for "the Son of God has come and has given us understanding" (1 John 5:20). Such a faith does not exact blind acceptance. It confers enlightenment. It is not something we are required to believe, in order to be Christians. Rather, faith illumines our lives with meaning. Bringing the truth of God into our lives, faith will dissolve falsehood, and will organize other truths, and put a reason in living.

Here is the perfect Easter gift



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Mrs. Robin's Easter Surprise

By MARGARET EVELYN SINGLETON

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. Robin were building their nest. Mrs. Robin stopped working a moment and listened to the hens in the barnyard next door. They were clucking and cackling loudly. Maybe they would tell Mrs. Robin what they were so excited about. She flew over to the fence and perched there.

"Good morning, Leghorn ladies," she chirped pleasantly.

The hens trooped over to the fence. "Good day, good day," they clucked.

One of them, Laura Leghorn, said, "You're the new neighbor, aren't you? We've seen you working on your nest almost every day now."

"Yes," said young Mrs. Robin. "I haven't had much time to visit. We have to get our nest built so there will be a place for our eggs."

"Oh yes, eggs," said Laura. "By the way, do you know about Easter eggs?"

"No," said Mrs. Robin. "What kind of a bird lays Easter eggs?"

"We do," said Laura proudly. All the Leghorn ladies held their heads higher. "We lay eggs so white they can be dyed for children's Easter baskets. All colors—pink and green and red and blue and yellow—even with stripes and polka dots!"

"My," said Mrs. Robin, "they must be beautiful!"

"Oh, they are," said Laura. "Easter will soon be here and our eggs will be gathered for coloring. What color are your eggs?" she asked politely.

Mrs. Robin looked down shyly. "I don't know—yet," she said softly.

"Oh," said Laura. "Well, they can't possibly be as pretty as Easter eggs."

"I suppose not," sighed young Mrs. Robin.

"Let us know when they come," said Laura. "We'd like to see them anyway."

"I will," promised Mrs. Robin. She flew back to the half-built nest and began to

ork on it again. All the time
e kept thinking about the
eghorn ladies' eggs, so
hite they could be dyed all
lors of the rainbow.

"I wonder what color our
gs will be," she said to Mr.
obin.

"It doesn't really matter,"
id young Mr. Robin, stuff-
g a piece of bright-red
ring into a crack in the
st. "Don't you worry—
's what's inside the eggs
at counts."

"I know," said Mrs.
obin. Just the same, she
uldn't help hoping the eggs
ould be pretty, too.

Every day brought Easter
earer. At last the nest was
nished. And on Easter
orning there were four
gs in it. Mrs. Robin looked
own at them. Her eyes
one with surprise and joy
—Laura Leghorn would
ever believe it until she saw
e eggs for herself! Mrs.
obin began to sing and
ng.

She knew she could not
ve the eggs, for they must
kept warm. Mr. Robin
was off hunting food for her, so she stayed where she was and called, "Leghorn ladies, my eggs are here!"

"Good! What color are they?" Laura called back.

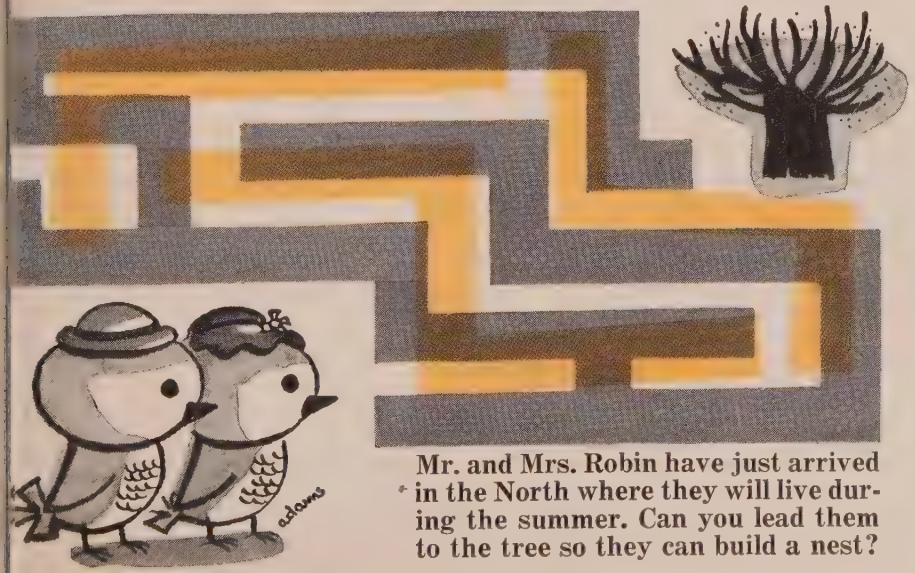
"I think you had better come and see them for yourself," chirped young Mrs. Robin.

Laura fluttered up onto the fence near the tree where the Robins' nest was. Mrs. Robin moved off the eggs long enough for Laura to see them.

Laura's eyes nearly popped out. "Why, those eggs are the prettiest shade of blue I've ever seen!" she clucked. "Aren't you the lucky bird, Mrs. Robin! You lay your own Easter eggs. Ours are never that beautiful even after they're colored." She flew back to the barnyard to tell the other Leghorn ladies.

Mrs. Robin snuggled down on her own Easter eggs. She closed her eyes and dreamed —of the baby robins that would soon hatch out of the beautiful eggs.

Help the Robins!



Mr. and Mrs. Robin have just arrived in the North where they will live during the summer. Can you lead them to the tree so they can build a nest?

We Thank You All!

Last November we asked you to send us pictures of the things you were most thankful for. You snowed us under with 1,800 drawings! Later, we're going to print some of them in TOGETHER. But right now, here are names of 10 of you Small Fry artists who, says our Art Editor, made *very* interesting crayon pictures. So we're sending big new scrapbooks to you 10:

Jonathan Bartlett, 8, Lakewood, Calif.
Linda Sue Bell, 7, Baltimore, Md.
Beverly Cale, 9, Homestead, Pa.
Karen Kalp, 8, Scottdale, Pa.
Jay Landers, 7, Louisville, Ky.
Vicki Maresh, 7, Berea, Ohio
Barbara Pieh, 8, Perham, Minn.
Jane Sanders, 7, Natchitoches, La.
Tana Spangler, 6, Reistertown, Md.
Kathy Ann Wilson, 8, Harrison, Neb.

After our Art Editor picked those 10 he frowned. "Goodness sakes!" he said. "I'd like to list at least 25 more for a *very special* 'thank you' from TOGETHER." "O.K.," we said. So he did that—and here are your names:

Gloria Blair, Naperville, Ill.; Ada Bruso, Plattsburg, N.Y.; Linda Burt, Rothschild, Wis.; Jerry Fruetel, Bemidji, Minn.; Carol Geiger, Jefferson City, Mo.; Emil Hines, Jr., Belle Vernon, Pa.; Howard Huddleston, Houston, Tex.; Tom Kauffmann, Vero Beach, Fla.; Larry Keemer, Warriors Mark, Pa.; Carol Kresge, Pittsfield, Mass.; Caroline Lauielle, Ferguson, Mo.; Susan Loy, Brazil, Ind.; Carol Lutson, Bridgeport, Conn.; Patrick Murphy, Lexington, Neb.; Thomas Parks, Gouverneur, N.Y.; Randy Ramsey, Wichita, Kan.; Kathryn Rickman, Louisville, Ky.; John Rood, Irvington, N.Y.; Barbara Rothfuss, Van Wert, Ohio; Luena Schultz, Louisville, Ky.; Janine Stafford, Spencerville, Ohio; James Strasma, Kankakee, Ill.; Paul Strickler, Houston, Tex.; Beth Waterman, Agency, Iowa; Elizabeth Winter, Paonia, Colo.

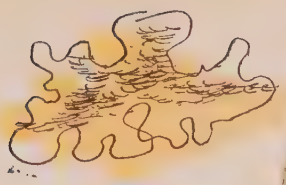
INDIA NEEDS HELP

THREE DEVASTATING FLOODS destroyed homes and washed out the newly sown seed, so carefully guarded for planting, over a large area of northern India last year. Then, when the desperate farmers succeeded in planting a fourth time, the rains did not come—DROUGHT!

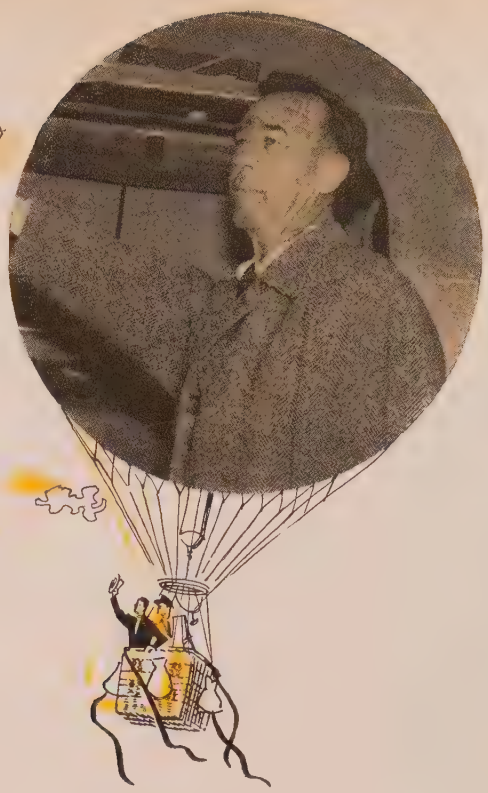
THERE WILL BE MUCH SUFFERING. The people of India continue their valiant efforts to help themselves, the government is using its precious foreign exchange to buy grain and prevent complete starvation, but the people are hungry. Among the hardest hit are Christian workers and institutions in rural areas. Rising food costs and falling local income threaten the very existence of many Methodist pastors, church workers and their families, the students in our church school dormitories. One-half million already die of tuberculosis in India each year. Now malnutrition will increase the incidence of disease. The Methodist Anti-TB campaign must be doubled.

A SPECIAL APPEAL FOR RELIEF IN INDIA is being made by the MCOR with authority of the Advance Committee of The Methodist Church. The need is now! America will respond! For Advance Special credit, list name and address of church, district and conference. Send funds through your Conference Treasurer or to the ***Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief,*** 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

INDIA NEEDS HELP!



How can U.S. check Red gains in Asia? Here are timely answers by an inquiring Methodist.



Around The World In Thirty Days

By GERALD KENNEDY
Bishop, Los Angeles Area

" IS REPORTED that two Ameri- girls went through the Louvre in inutes—it would have taken only but they had on high heels. I am lmost the same category in trying port on Asia after going around the d in 30 days. The extenuating cir- stance is that I was with Bishop G. ley Oxnam, whose presence ed doors to the private conference s of some political and religious rs. With no expectation of saying hing authoritative, let me set down impressions:

TOKYO

was a conference with our Meth- chaplains of the Far East that d this trip. I cannot refrain from ng my compliments to the men ng the religious needs of the mili- services. The three days spent at were an inspiration to me. The ch can be proud of its ministers se parishes are the military camps nd the world.

e were in Japan in 1951 and the lopment since then is astounding. yo becomes more westernized with y passing year; the dress of the le is that of an American city. re is even less bowing, as if the t of hurry has eliminated the more rely courtesy of the past.

pan was the first Oriental country dopt western ways—including some ir less admirable tendencies.

Once our enemies, now our friends, the Japanese are a mighty force in the Orient and we must aid them in their problem of limited resources for an expanding population. How they prosper will proclaim what the West has to offer, and their driving energy is one of the major elements in our struggle.

SEOUL

The capital of Korea does not reflect the prosperity of Tokyo, for its war has been recent. It is a city filled with refugees from the north. A Methodist is thrilled with the schools and churches, though the Presbyterians have twice as many members. President and Mrs. Syngman Rhee were in the congregation where I preached on a Sunday morning, for the president of Korea is a loyal Methodist layman.

Rhee is what we call a dedicated man, which is to say he is single-minded. His life has been given to the cause of Korean freedom. He has no doubt about the evil of Communism and he has no hope of dealing with the Communists on any other basis than force. He is sure that his country can be united only by invading North Korea.

In the 40 minutes of private conversation Bishop Oxnam and I had with Rhee, there was never the slightest hint that compromise or negotiating with the enemy would be acceptable to him. Further, he is sure that delay makes the inevitable conflict more difficult and uncertain for us.

Can you localize a war in Korea? Is force the only answer to Communism? Are we naïve in assuming that the ultimate victory is ours if our cause is right? I am sure of one thing: There will never be any question as to whose side Rhee is on. It is good to have that kind of ally.

TAIPEH

Early one morning we were met at the airport of the capital of Free China by a party of Christian friends headed by Bishop Ralph Ward. It was a full day of interviews and visits to church projects. As Methodists, we are just getting started on Formosa with a church under construction, a new youth camp in the mountains, a clinic, and a fine new building for Soo Chow University.

What is the future of this island, the stronghold of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek? American officials on the scene are optimistic about developing the island so that it can support a large population. They do not favor recognition of Red China and they see Formosa as a military base which must be held at all costs.

Bishop Ward arranged a dinner party where we talked with Chinese leaders. Among those present were a general, several government officials, and three educational leaders. They spoke with great optimism about the return to the

Still here at 90!

"Your interesting letter and check came this morning. Thank you so much. For many years the checks have been coming from the office you now hold. I never dreamed I should still be here at 90 years of age."

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mainland, which one said would take place within two years.

Later, Madame Chiang received us in her home. She had been visiting one of our aircraft carriers and must have been weary, but did not show it. My wife agrees with me that Madame Chiang is about the most attractive and charming woman we have ever met. She is full of grace and beauty.

Although her courtesy never dimmed, she let us know that she was upset by a report that a representative group of Methodist young people had passed a resolution advocating recognition of Red China. This, to her, was treason. Madame Chiang wanted us to understand that her fight is our fight. If the struggle is not yet in San Francisco, it is because it is being waged in Taipeh.

I left the city next day, troubled in mind. These people, who had been face to face with Communism, saw no hope in anything but military force.

HONG KONG

This is one of the most interesting cities in the world, a listening post for both sides. We met people who had lately come out of Red China and still bore the marks of fear. We shall not write much about them, for they still have relatives behind the Bamboo Curtain. This, in itself, is one indictment of Communism. Any system that depends on fear is evil.

We had a delightful evening with Methodist friends. They told us of their work and we were proud of our church. From the mountaintop on the island that night, I saw a view almost as wonderful as the one from my home in the Hollywood Hills.

BANGKOK

The capital of Thailand is on a river and much of its life is concentrated along the canals. The children impressed me most with their bright expressions and their friendliness, and I think there must be a happy family life among the poor. We shall not forget the early-morning trip along the water where it seemed that everyone was bathing. Merchants were delivering their goods, and children were going to school, by boat.

There came to me a phrase used by Adlai Stevenson: "Revolution of expectation." These people are no longer resigned to their poverty and hopeless slavery. They have been touched by the West's ideas of progress and improvement. Is this something to oppose? God forbid! Let us see this as our glorious opportunity to serve and to lead. We were born for such a day.

NEW DELHI

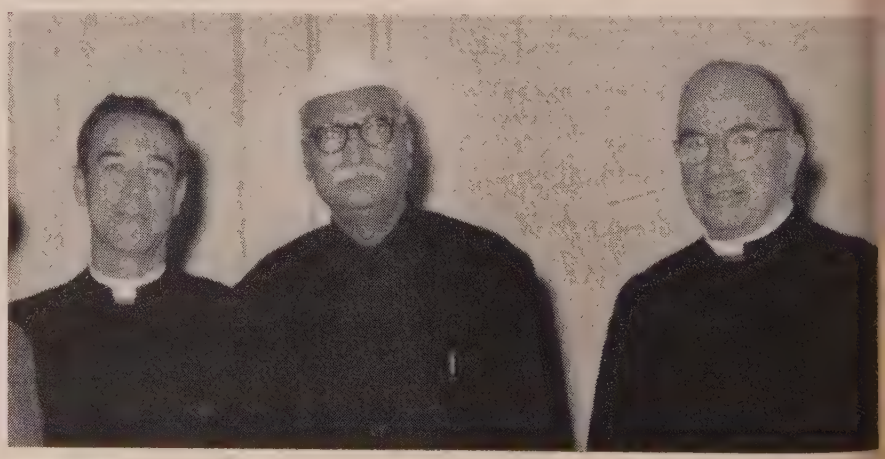
We met India's president, vice-president, and prime minister. I was impressed with this leadership.

President Rajendra Prasad is a tall, white-haired, quiet-spoken disciple of Mahatma Gandhi. He believes that passive resistance will work anywhere and is committed to it as a practical weapon. My impression is that he is a moral influence in the government rather than a dynamic leader. He spoke with appreciation of Christianity's social and educational contributions to India, but he is not in favor of conversion. Christian missionaries will have an increasingly difficult time in India unless they confine their work to social service, if the president has anything to say about it.

Vice-president Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan is one of the world's greatest living philosophers, a great scholar and statesman. He loves to talk and he talks well. Is war inevitable between America and Russia? He thinks not. Russia is changing more than we realize and there is a growing demand for more individual freedom there.

We heard Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru defend the second five-year plan in the lower house and answer the

India's President Prasad is in favor of new restrictions on Christian missionaries. He expressed his views in talks with Methodist bishops Kennedy, left, and Oxnam



klers. The difficulty of the job ng the government seems over- lming—until one remembers what been accomplished in five years.

Ve saw Nehru in his home after a g, hard day. He was obviously tired, gracious and keen in his observa- s. He said that any policy which templated war was impossible. He ght we were foolish not to recog- Red China. He, too, thought that sia was changing and that often we e been too recalcitrant.

am convinced that those who regard ru as soft toward Communism wrong. He is committed to democ- and we are foolish when we hesi- to help his government. China has sen one path and India another. To India prove to the world that our is best should be a central element ur foreign policy.

ISTANBUL

have confined these observations Asia and there may be some ques- as to whether Istanbul is in Asia Europe. The Turkish army has the tation of being one of the best and as thrown in its lot with the West. key is a powerfully ally and not y frightened by Soviet threats.

Ve spent a Sunday with his Holiness enagoras I, the head of nearly 130 ion Christians. He is aware of world ditions and is committed to the free ld.

wish the Moslem government would cise more control over the fanatical s who burned Christian property years ago. As the patriarch said, have been Greeks in Istanbul for centuries and there have been istians there for 20 centuries. They ot newcomers or subversives.

n a visit to the theological sem- y on Halki Island in the Sea of rmara, we sailed into the harbor of dedon, where one of the great ch councils was held in the fourth ury. We ought to help the Turk- government see the opportunity making Istanbul a meeting place Christians and Moslems. It would n something in the world if there d be a demonstration of mutual ect and concern.

nally, three conclusions:

.) We are defining our strategy too owly. Military superiority is only part of the picture. (2) Our most able exports are freedom and ect for persons and culture. When- we deny this for reasons of ex- ency we bring comfort to Com- nism. (3) We need a bold, new as daring as the Marshall Plan. often we meet the Communists on r own terms with counterattacks holding actions. We need to demon- te that democracy can lead.

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NEWS of the world parish

CHURCH WAGES UPHILL FIGHT UNDER RED RULE

Behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains in Europe and the Far East, Methodism still has a toehold, is even expanding in places.

This hopeful note comes from latest reports to reach U.S. Methodists. From some countries these are the first authoritative reports in almost 10 years. High lights:

China—Officials report a spurt in membership, but exact figures are lacking. (In 1949, before Communists took over, Chinese Methodists numbered 118,000 in 10 annual conferences.) Now reports from scattered sections show small, but significant, gains. In the Foochow Conference, there are 21,000 Methodists, compared with 18,000 in 1949.

East China Conference recently ordained nine ministers; Mid-China, 11; North China, five.

Bishop Z. T. Kaung, though past retirement age, still is the Methodist leader. His former colleague, Bishop W. Y. Chen, once imprisoned, continues under house arrest.

Chung Chi College, 18 miles from Hong Kong, has 463 students, 50 of them just out of Communist China. There are 197 Christians in the student body and all faculty members are Christian.

North Korea—Four years after the end of the Korean conflict, there still is no information on Methodists north of the 38th parallel.

Czechoslovakia—Methodists now number 5,000, with 19 pastors. But the denomination is not growing. No new pastors are recruited and no new church sites are allowed. Young people are susceptible to Communist propaganda.

Yugoslavia—Biggest problem: lack of workers. Before World War II there were 19 Methodist ministers; now, three. But large congregations, with many youths, are not unknown.

The severing of diplomatic relations between Yugoslavia and West Germany prevents theological professors at Frankfurt-on-Main from helping Methodist colleagues at Novi Sad.

Hungary—Despite severe pressure, Methodist morale is unbroken. There are 3,000 members, 12 preachers, but few young people.

Bulgaria—Services held despite "difficult circumstances." Most pastors must hold extra jobs, with wives and children also working.

Poland—Reports one leader: "We have been along the road to Calvary. We have not succumbed." A new superintendent has been elected and 12 men ordained.

East Germany—Membership, now 62,000 in East and West Germany, continues to gain, particularly in East Germany. Seventeen U.S. Methodist youths recently met with young people from East and West Germany.

Houston Nurse Takes Title

A Texas maiden has lassoed this year's "Miss Methodist Student Nurse" title.

Barbara Bowman of McAllen, Tex., was chosen from candidates of 53 nursing schools connected with U.S. Methodist hospitals and made her formal bow at a convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes.

Miss Bowman, a senior, is former student president of Houston Methodist Hospital School of Nursing. In telling why she chose nursing for a career, she said, "If I can live up to the great tradition of true nursing, I will achieve an inner peace necessary for happiness."

Miss Student Nurse, Barbara Bowman: "Nursing makes me a better person."

Church Hospitals Too Costly?

A leading Methodist official think Protestant churches should stop build ing large-city hospitals.

The cost is too great for churches t bear, Dr. A. Dudley Ward, general sec retary, Board of Social and Economi Relations, has told the Chicago Churc Federation.

Churches now receive governmenta aid for hospital building, opening th question of whether they can accep such grants and still maintain separatio of church and state, Ward asserted. An he pointed out that churches can't sup ply enough trained personnel to ru their hospitals and other social welfar agencies.

In Ward's view the church can d more good by co-ordinating its socia welfare efforts with those of state, coun ty, and city organizations with church owned agencies built only in pionee fields.

Never Had It So Good!

When it comes to dating and jo opportunities, the 14- to 16-year-old are far ahead of the teen-agers of 1 years ago.

This is something for the churc school to ponder, says the Rev. Donal Newby, executive director of the Na tional Council of Churches.

A study of American youth brough out these facts, Newby said:

1. Today's youth have 42,000 jo titles to choose from compared to 20,00 in 1940.

2. The moving of 20 per cent of th nation's families annually causes diffi culties in teen-age group relationship and acceptance.

3. We have 16 million teen-ager today, and expect 24 million by 1965 The 20-to-40 age groups—from whic most volunteer youth workers come— will be relatively small.

4. Today's 16 million teen-agers hav about $9 billion to spend—earnings an allowances.

5. In the 12-to-24 age group mor than 100,000 women have been marrie and divorced—6,000 of these are be tween 14 and 17.

To Survey U.S. Religion

Religion in the U.S. will be studie this year by the Fund for the Republi a non-profit organization established b the Ford Foundation.

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, Fund presi dent, said the study will deal with rela tions between church and state, the rol of religion in public life, and religiou dissent.

The study is part of an over-all proj ect started last summer by the Fun when it tackled the analysis of corpora tions, labor unions, common defense

Among issues to be covered: rights

ities and effect of religious pressure oups on freedom; the use of public nds to assist church-supported educa-on; religious instruction and "moral idance" programs in public schools, d "bloc-voting."

frica Strikes a New Posture

In a symbolic "coming of age," Afri-n Protestant leaders have met in the st All-African Church Conference in badan, Nigeria.

And as an "adult" body, the church ust "take sides against evil," Dr. Alan aton of South Africa told the 200 dele-ates and observers from 21 African untries and 20 outside Africa. The thor of *Cry the Beloved Country* was eaking of racial segregation.

The church, he said, "must act now ecause in the future it will be called on to prevent excesses and cruelties nationalism in its worst manifesta-ons."

Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, piscopalians, Dutch Reformed, Salva-on Army, and others were represented. wo Roman Catholic priests came as bservers.

The conference endorsed a World ouncil of Churches' statement that ny form of segregation based on race, lor, or ethnic origin is contrary to the spel and is incompatible with the hristian doctrine of man and with the ature of the Church."

Delegates also adopted a resolution ging that the guarantees in the UN eclaration of Human Rights be writ-n into "any new constitutions" for ex-ting or future states in Africa.

Five topics received special attention: he Church, youth and the family; the hurch and economic life; the Church d politics; the Church and culture, d the growing Church.

ush Crackdown on Smut

Protestants are stepping up their orts to clean up newsstands.

A key Methodist, the Rev. Ralph A. nnon of Spartanburg, S.C., reports at the number and influence of ob-ene magazines and books has mush-omed in the last two years.

Speaking before the Board of Tem-erance, he said that "filthy, lurid agazines" can be bought by school hildren as easily as comic books.

Many publications capitalize on sex ecause Americans find themselves floundering" for a healthy attitude oward life, Cannon explained. "Some-ning must be done quickly, before bscene publications get the influence nd wealth which the alcohol industry ow has," he asserted.

Cannon represented the Board at earings of a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee studying bscene matter in the mails. The hear-ngs focused on two bills introduced

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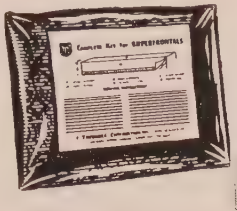

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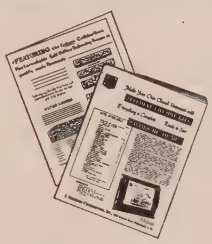

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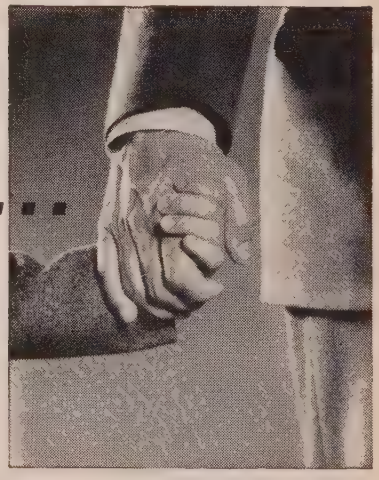

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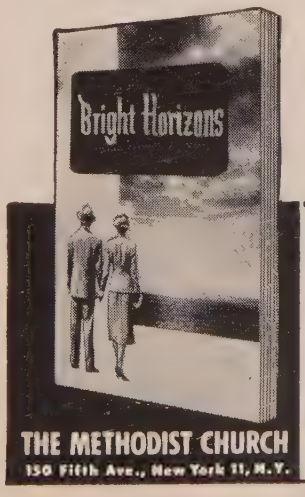

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METHODIST ALMANACK

A Miscellaney of Dates & Divers Interesting Matters for People Called Methodist

The absent are never without fault, nor the present without excuse — B. Franklin

MARCH hath XXXI days — 3rd Month

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kindhearted, 'spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!—H. H. Jackson

15	Sa	Brutus betrays his boss, Caesar, 44 B. C.
16	S	National Wildlife Week
17	M	Methodist preacher enthralls crowd from steps of U. S. Capitol, 1822
18	Tu	Issue No. 1 of *Pravda* appears, Moscow, 1917
19	W	Swallows return to Capistrano (*Says here!*)
20	Th	Spring returns at last, 10:06 P. M.
21	Fr	New Yorkers see their first bicycle, 1819
22	Sa	U. S. outlaws foreign slave trade, 1794
23	S	Passion Sunday
24	M	Blind hymnist Fanny Crosby b. 1820 (Methodist, she wrote nearly 6,000 hymns.)
25	Tu	*He knows not when to be silent*
26	W	*who knows not when to speak*
27	Th	New U. S. Navy gets money for ships, 1794
28	Fr	One-piece swimsuits make a splash, 1921
29	Sa	*Read Zechariah 9:9, Mark 11:1-11*
30	S	Palm Sunday
31	M	Civilian Conservation Corps is born, 1933 (CCC men planted over 2 billion trees.)

■ Young, dynamic John Summerfield, set to preach in the House Chamber that Sunday, moved outside when he found crowd overflowing. Immensely popular everywhere, he reached pulpit of one jam-packed church only after climbing through a nearby window.

■ Beach-wear designers predicted some women would wear form-fitting bathing togs that summer. They did. "This will arouse the displeasure of clergymen and Puritans alike," they were warned. It did.

APRIL hath XXX days — 4th Month

Again the blackbirds sing, the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams
And tremble in the April showers—J. G. Whittier

1	Tu	All Fools' Day *Don't be tricked: Income tax due 15th!*
2	W	Prototype movie theater opens doors, 1902
3	Th	Rider mounts up, begins Pony Express, 1860
4	Fr	Good Friday
5	Sa	Methodist Missionary Society formed, 1819
6	S	Easter Sunday
7	M	Television is shown off in laboratory, 1927
8	Tu	Chas. Wesley takes a bride, 1749
9	W	J. Wesley holds first watch night, 1742
10	Th	Salvation Army founder Wm. Booth b. 1829 (At 33 he became a Methodist preacher.)
11	Fr	*Even a single hair casts its shadow*
12	Sa	Civil War touched off at Ft. Sumter, 1861
13	S	Practical theorist Thos. Jefferson b. 1743
14	M	*SS Titanic* hits iceberg, 11:40 P. M., 1912 (It sank just 2 hr., 47 min. later.)

■ A jealous female friend had warned Charles she was certain, "by revelation," that his marriage to Sarah Gwynne never would take place. But, with John officiating, it did. Typically, Charles expressed his joy by writing 17 hymns about the event.

by Rep. John Dowdy (D.—Tex.). One would make mailers of obscenity liable to prosecution where the mail is received as well as where it is deposited. The other would put severe penalties on persons who mail obscene matter to youths under 19.

More Protestant groups were represented at the hearings than at any previous hearings on obscenity.

Cannon told the subcommittee about his study of 120 "sex-exploitative" publications sold openly on newsstands in South Carolina:

"The ideal man exalted by these publications is the playboy who has cast off all shackles of propriety, restraint, convention, and conscience. He is the 'man about town' who dresses fashionably, excels at sports, mixes an elegant cocktail, gambles intelligently, and who to 'really be a man' must conquer a different woman every night."

In other developments:

Protestant and Roman Catholic representatives testified at New York State hearings on obscene publications.

The International Society of Christian Endeavor anounced it will devote part of its 1958 Christian Citizenship Crusade to mobilizing support of legislation against obscenity.

The Detroit Council of Churches urged stringent laws to control the sale of salacious material.

Five hundred druggists of the Northern California Pharmaceutical Association adopted a resolution calling for expulsion of any member who sells lewd matter.

In Omaha, Neb., two distributing companies and a dealer were fined for handling obscene publications.

In San Rafael, Calif., police arrested a dealer, seizing five cartons of obscene material.

Alert COs to Church Program

Methodist officials are taking a sharp look at the church's program for conscientious objectors.

The appraisal was started at a meeting of the Council of Secretaries after a California pastor complained that Methodist COs have to "seek help from other sources." The minister charged also that The Methodist Church has no "creative posts" for such men and is of "little service" to them.

The Council, however, replied that church projects for objectors have been "personal, direct, and far-reaching."

According to the Board of World Peace in Chicago, both Methodist and non-Methodist COs are serving in approved Methodist institutional projects in the U.S. and overseas. The projects include 21 Methodist hospitals, seven children's homes, five homes for the aged, and Goodwill Industries in 71 cities.

Of 67 conscientious objectors proc-

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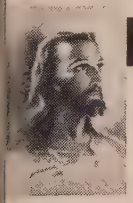

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essed by the church since drafting of objectors was renewed in 1952, about 13 per cent have been placed in overseas work, including missions in India, Africa, and South America.

Board of World Peace figures show that the number of Methodist objectors has declined since World War II.

Religion Faces Atomic Age

Problems raised by the atomic age have been probed by 1,000 Protestant churchmen at a two-day conference at the University of Chicago. Sponsored by the university's Federated Theological Faculty, the meeting brought together theologians, ministers, educators, and business executives from 17 states to discuss "Religion Faces the Atomic Age."

Speakers called upon the U.S. to end the arms race, advised ministers to view religion as a master weapon, and urged Americans to recognize the danger civilization faces instead of pursuing a "business as usual" life.

Dr. Seward Hiltner, professor of pastoral theology at the university warned that religion must evoke the courage to face the fears of the times rather than avoid them.

Two leading businessmen (Sears Roebuck executive James C. Worthy and U.S. Steel vice-president Edward C. Logelin) gave ministers the task of defining the intimate relationship between a man's faith and his business practices.

"Theologians and ministers," said Worthy, "must take the lead in explaining the relevance of religious faith to business practice."

Dr. Jerald C. Bauer, dean of the Federated faculty, lambasted seminaries, charging that ministers are among the "most confused persons in the world."

"Seminaries," he asserted, "are doing the same old thing in the same old way. And thus our ministers are cracking up under pressure at a time when they are needed most."

Atomic scientist Harold C. Urey, known as "the father of the A-bomb," challenged the churchmen to draw on the scientists' "magnificent view of the universe" rather than "miraculous" and "illogical dogmas."

Methodist Preference Is Strong

Of Americans 14 and over, 16.7 million—almost twice as many as are on the official rolls—regard themselves as Methodists. That's what the U.S. Census Bureau finds when a new cross-country survey of 35,000 households is projected to the nation's population. The Methodist Church officially lists 9,566,629 active members; the census figures include all Methodist bodies.

The statistics come as eye openers for religious leaders because they are considerably higher than denominations

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have been claiming for themselves. Census officials said their figures were higher because many Americans not affiliated with any church have a denominational preference.

Two out of every three consider themselves Protestant; one out of every four Roman Catholic. Total Protestant population in the 14-plus age group was put at 79 million; Catholic 30.7 million, Jewish, 3.9 million.

There are more Baptists than any other U.S. Protestant group—23.5 million, according to the report. Official church figures list 19,438,502 belonging to 27 Baptist bodies. Largest: the Southern Baptist Convention with over 8 million. Methodists are second largest, trailed by Lutherans, 8.4 million, and Presbyterians, 6.7 million.

Protestants, a majority (66.9 per cent) in the whole population, are a minority in the Northeast (about 42.3 per cent). In the South they account for about 82.8 per cent of the population. In rural areas too they are most numerous—but are outnumbered in most big cities.

Largest proportion of those reporting "no religion" live in "rural, non-farm areas" such as prosperous suburbs, rather than in large cities as is generally believed, the census survey shows.

Misery Can Spark Next War

Unless the Church and the government join forces to combat world want and misery another war is inevitable. So says Dr. R. Norris Wilson, executive director of Church World Service, international relief arm of the National Council of Churches.

Much work, he explains, can be done only by the two groups together. "And," he adds, "from time to time we of the churches must goad the governmental partner into doing things that are on the religious conscience of the people."

He cites three joint goals:

Removing "parolee" status of 35,000 Hungarian refugees in the U.S.

Making it legally possible to admit 20,000 Dutch *évacués* from Indonesia.

Shipping relief supplies to starving families in Egypt even though "Nasser is not now popular in the State Department."

He emphasizes relief supplies must be distributed to all in need, "regardless of political expediences."

Church World Service has authorized a four-year campaign for 50 million pounds of "used but good" clothing for overseas needy, to be collected by local-church volunteers of the 35 co-operating denominations.

To Survey Public Morals

Are dry communities more moral than wet communities?

To get the answer, the Board of Temperance will survey typical towns

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A minister, out driving, passed a track where a horse race was in progress. His six-year-old son gazed from the window at the crowded stadium. "Oh, Daddy," he exclaimed, "all the pews are filled!"
—Rev. W. W. Spiegelhalder, *Media, Pa.*

●

After church one Sunday, the chairman of our Commission on Education was discussing the summer program with one of the staff. The latter announced her intention of quitting. The chairman replied, "You can't do that. You're one of our vital clogs."
—Rev. H. W. Vincent, *Farmington, Calif.*

●

One day the telephone rang in the clergyman's office of the Washington church which President Franklin Roosevelt attended. An eager voice inquired, "Do you expect the President to be in church Sunday?"

"That," answered the clergyman, "I cannot promise. But we expect God to be there and we fancy that should be incentive enough for a reasonably large attendance."
—Peggy Smith, *Nashville, Tenn.*

●

Saying her prayers one night, little Susanne ended this way, "Good-by, dear Lord, we're moving to New York. It has been nice knowing you. Amen."
—Karen Bell, *Sutter, Calif.*

●

"I want you to look at this picture," said the Sunday-school teacher. "It illustrates today's lesson. Lot was told to take his daughters and wife, and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughters, with his wife just behind them. There is Sodom in the background. Does anyone have any questions about the picture?"

Came a voice from the back of the room: "Where is the flea?"
—Ruth K. Hanson, *Harvey, Ill.*

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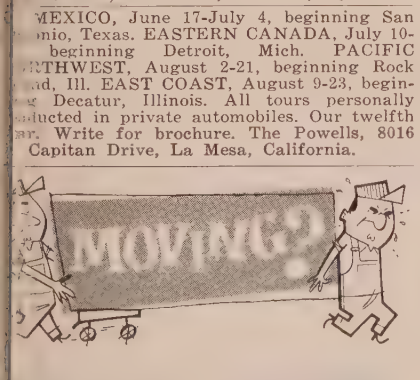

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across the country. Investigation will center on crime, divorce, traffic accidents, alcoholism, and public morals generally.

The board also will seek to discover relative effectiveness of state liquor controls. Surveys will be made by an independent fact-finding agency.

At the board's annual meeting, Dr. Dan W. Dodson, New York University sociologist, asked "if a lot of us who are church people don't aid and abet drinking and alcoholism because of our emotional rejection of people who do drink."

Looking on the bright side, Dr. Caradine R. Hooton, board general secretary, reported:

Marked decrease in drinking by adults.

More news coverage about the alcohol problem and temperance.

More community-level action groups.

Better denominational co-operation.

On the dark side, he said:

Americans spend $10 billion annually on alcoholic drink.

Nearly 5 million alcoholics need medical care, coupled with Christian concern and pastoral counseling.

Signs indicate increased drinking among juveniles.

Alcohol-related accidents are slaughtering more people on highways.

Almost 60 per cent of all urban arrests last year were alcohol-related.

New targets of alcohol advertising are women and children.

Among proposed remedies: Establishing a clinic for rehabilitation of alcoholics in Washington, as a pilot project for 74 U.S. Methodist-related hospitals, and organizing a Christian social-relations commission in every church to coordinate social and economic relations, temperance, world peace, and community-co-operation activities.

Urge Halt to Mixed Marriages

Don't marry out of your faith.

This advice is being pushed by Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergymen as they seek to curb the growing problem of mixed marriages.

They are warning that mixed unions create tensions between husband and wife, harm the children. "Religion among spouses of the same faith," one Protestant spokesman says, "is a strong tie of harmony, happiness, and comfort, but in mixed unions it is a source of discord and disturbance."

A particular sore point is the agreement a non-Catholic marrying a Catholic must sign, promising to raise the children as Catholics.

Methodists have spoken out on mixed marriages through General Conference, which urged young people to "consider carefully before becoming engaged to anyone who does not have a similar religious background."

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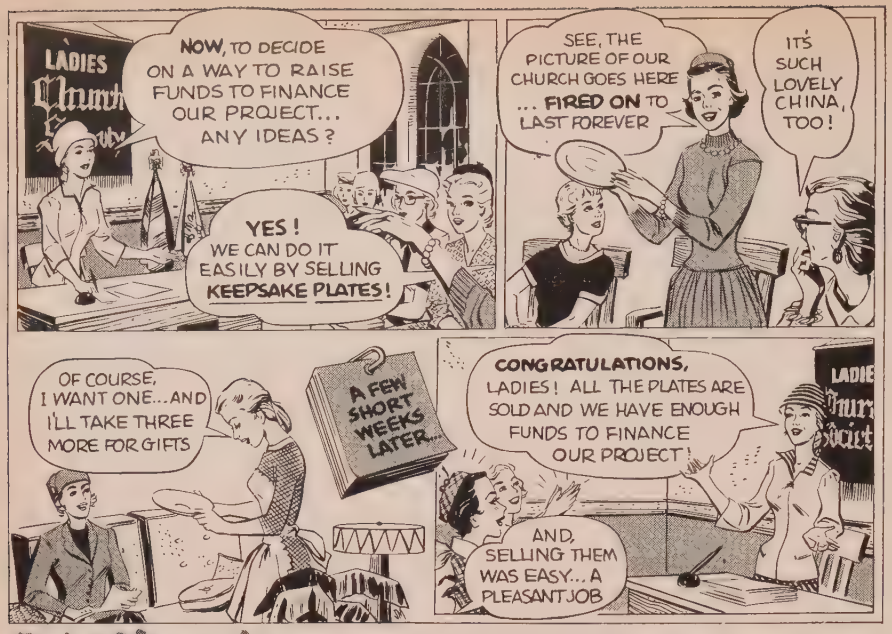

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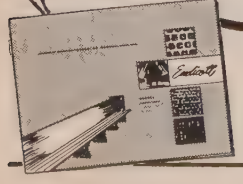

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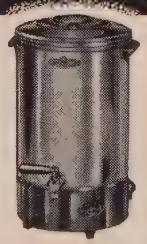

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ALLAN SCOTT, Dept. 6-M
THE READER'S DIGEST
PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

A Jesuit sociologist, the Rev. Lucius F. Cervantes, of Regis College, Denver, cites findings from a study he conducted in collaboration with Prof. Carl C. Zimmerman of Harvard University: "Those who marry into different faiths have four times as many divorces and desertions, and between two and three times as many children with at least one arrest for delinquent acts.

"They likewise have more trouble in keeping their children in the educational system after 16."

The priest says Catholics are "less adverse" to mixed marriages than Protestants or Jews. One third of Catholics marry outside their faith, he reports.

How Much Overlapping Effort?

Some church leaders now are probing for soft spots in Methodism's national organization. They want to find out if the work of general boards and agencies overlaps and, if so, what can be done to get better co-ordination.

Already a special 70-member commission, studying the church's jurisdictional plan (division of the U.S. into regions), has started to pull together findings from 24 public hearings held coast to coast.

Now the Board of Education says that "a multiplicity of agencies, inadequate guidance from *The Discipline*, and uncontrolled effort toward expansion are proving to be a problem in the intelligent approach to Christian education."

The board commends interboard agencies as they seek better co-operation. But it appeals to "key persons in key places" to stay alert to possible necessary mergers. One possible merger now under discussion would consolidate the Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations.

Another recent board report expresses concern that basic teaching resources for Methodist church school have been produced outside official channels.

"Our concern," notes the board's editorial division, "is prompted by the desire to avoid duplications and by interest in a more efficient production and coverage of the curriculum needs of all age groups in the church school."

Hospitals, Homes Cite Gains

The Methodist Church's 213 hospitals and homes cared for 1.4 million persons last year, reports Olin E. Oeschger, general secretary, Board of Hospitals and Homes. These institutions employ 44,988 persons, including 12,470 doctors.

Citing "increased capacity, larger assets, and more services," Oeschger points to these accomplishments:

Hospitals—total bed capacity in 74 hospitals increased to 18,409, up 264. Persons served increased to 1,352,830,

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up 41,700 from a year ago. Assets now total $231,757,293.

Homes—institutions for older persons have been added at Pontiac, Ill.; Frankfort, Ind.; Toledo, Ohio; San Antonio, Tex., and Spokane, Wash. These institutions served 7,918. Children's homes and homes for business women housed more then 7,000.

Oeschger reports a great need for special services to troubled children and for accepting older adolescents. Meantime, "tremendous shortages" of professional help continue to plague the institutions.

As an answer to the personnel problem, Robert H. MacRae, executive director of the Welfare Council of Chicago, suggests to Methodists:

A well-organized program to encourage more young people to enter health and welfare careers.

Better utilization of trained people.

Improvement of the professional status of social-work careers.

Immediate re-examination of salary levels. Workers are "grossly underpaid."

NEWS DIGEST . . .

BIBLE MOVIES. Hollywood is scheduling production on three new ones this year: *Joseph and His Brethren; The Story of Abraham,* and *The Flesh and the Spirit,* about Mary Magdalene.

SPREAD THE GOSPEL. Members of Georgia's 1,500 Methodist churches are receiving pocket editions of the Gospel of John in connection with a state-wide evangelistic program. The goal: 21,000 new members.

SALUTE CITIZENS. The entire community of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa (population, 6,000), has been cited by editor of *Who's Who in America* for its campaign to expand and improve facilities of Methodist-related Iowa Wesleyan College. In two years townspeople raised pledges totaling more than $265,000.

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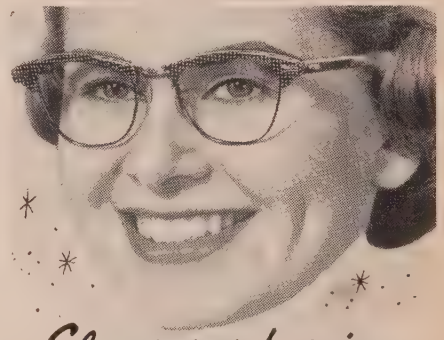

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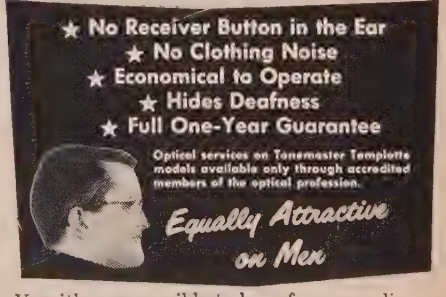

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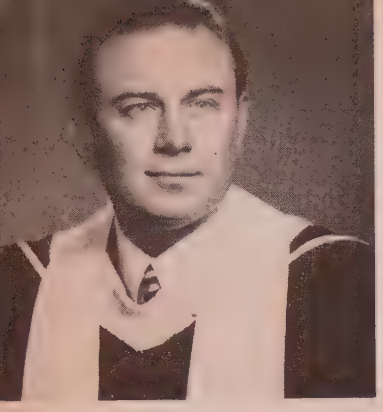


Herbert E. Richards

Let's Get Acquainted

Before he sat down to write *In Defense of Gothic* (page 33) the **Rev. Herbert E. Richards** discussed architecture, a lifelong interest, with architects who strongly favor modern design and with stanch traditionalists. He began to see, he says, what modern architects and artists are working toward—but he still believes a structure should be timeless, not timely.

Most people, Richards finds, favor traditional architecture because it has roots. Roots come from experience, down through history, and not from a single man or design.

When members of his Methodist church in Boise, Ida., started thinking about a new building the phrase, "We want a church that looks like a church," became a familiar one to Richards, a former Drew Theological University professor and pastor in Boise for seven years. The new church, started three years ago, is to be completed in January, 1960. It will not be pure Gothic—it will be Dynamic Gothic, about which Richards expresses his views in his article. This church, he predicts, will live. It will be Gothic in design and spirit, but its new features, he is confident, will make it still modern tomorrow.

"I have no quarrel with modern architecture," Richards stresses. "But much of it can't be enduring."

●

When **Gordon Gould** started work on *Hell Week's Gone* (page 20), his powers of persuasion came in handy. Fraternity leaders at first were reluctant to talk; Gordon met with cold receptions from those in some 40 colleges contacted.

"They're touchy about discussing activities," he finds, "because they've had so much adverse publicity in the past." But the chill dissolved when Gordon made it clear that the story would be free from bias—that he was interested only in facts. Once convinced, fraternity leaders opened up and told their stories freely.

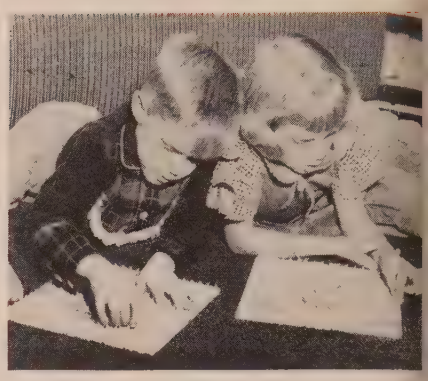
As a matter of fact, Gordon admits, he thinks now that he would have enjoyed a fraternity while at college, though he had no yen to join one during his years at Yale. For the last two years he has been a feature writer for *The Chicago Tribune* and preceded this with a year at the City News Bureau, also in his home town—Chicago.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Want to take close-ups of your Easter eggs? Here's a tip from a pro: Our staff photographer who shot those unusual eggs on pages 74-76 used a Rolleiflex with two matched Rolleinar, No. 2, lenses which let him photograph from only 12 inches away. For taking close-ups, our man points out, there now are lenses to fit almost any camera. With these, portrait shots of flowers, stamps, art, open up a whole new world of photography for you.

Cover—Donaldson • 9—Look • 20—UP • 21—U. of Denver • 28—Lf.-Rutledge-Missions Pix • 29—Top-Studio at Ivey's • 36—Merrill • 37—Holland • 38—Manley-Western Ways • 40—Donaldson • 41—Top rt.-French Tourist Office • 42—Rother • 43—Patterson-Black Star • 50—UP • 64—Methodist Information • 72—Parker Portraits • 1-25-26-27-39-41, rt. bot.-56-74-75-76—George P. Miller.

Shopping



Silent Playmate—When you need an absorbing game to quiet children, or a rainy-day play suggestion, *Rub-R-Art* is it. Children are entranced with the endless number of colorful pictures they make by stretching colored rubber bands over pegs. Spurs imagination; creative; artistic. Leaves no mess to clean up. Sample designs included to start them off. Fine for shut-ins; excellent for traveling. $1. *Colonial House, Dept. T-8, Edina, Minn.*

Princess' Pen—At a small price, you'll have a dainty, slim little pen with the smooth-writing qualities of a higher-priced ball point. Designed for women, *Slim Princess* is only five inches long; fits purse easily, is guaranteed for two years—long enough to write reams of grocery lists or English themes. Takes standard refills. Colored barrel, gold cap, only 79¢. *Barclay Grant & Co., Dept. T, Locust Valley, N.Y.*

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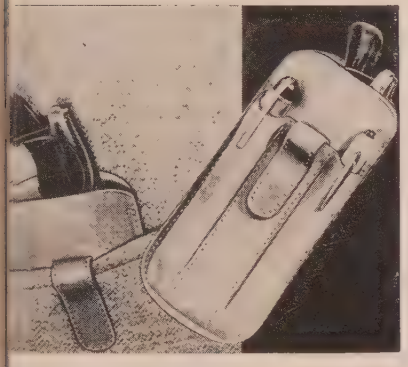
TOGETHER

asculine Accessory—A fine dle-leather storage place for Dad's sses or sunglasses is the *clip-on eyess case* for coat or shirt pocket or o sun visor. When Dad's a sportsn or traveler, he may do lots of ving around, carrying, and stoop; but his glasses will fit snugly in s case, won't slide out or be shed. Regular, $1.50; with penncil pockets, $2. *Mastercraft, Dept. 273 Congress St., Boston 10, Mass.*



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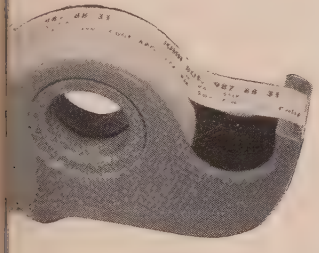

turn Tape—If belonggs wander, use this *personald tape dispenser* to identify oks, toys, potluck dishes. e on checks. Teen-agers tape rything from sports equipnt to wallets. Send some enopes taped with your home dress to young ones in nool or army to suggest they ite home more often. 1, 2, 3 lines printed 300 times in ck or blue on white, yellow, silver. $2. *Meredith's, anston 5, Ill.*

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The Fabulous Easter Egg

By WILMA TREIBER CYMBALA

Author's first step in egg decoration is penciling a design on the eggshell.

IF ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN suddenly asked, "Hey, Mom, how come we color Easter eggs?" what would you answer?

I'd have been stumped, too, if asked that question a few short years ago. Year after year, I'd bought dyes and supervised the familiar egg coloring. None of it ever had any special significance to me or my children, for we—like most families—knew almost nothing about how the custom began.

But that seems long ago. Now we begin planning Easter-egg decorations months in advance. What was once just an annual routine has become a fascinating hobby which has added new and deeper significance to our Easters.

It all began the year I tired of mediocre results and decorated some eggs with a small paintbrush. The designs were crude, but my children and I were delighted. Then came that puzzling question: "Where did coloring Easter eggs begin?"

I hadn't the faintest idea, so I began to investigate. Before long I had uncovered delightful legends about the Easter egg and heard thrilling tales from people of many faiths and walks of life. I learned that among some groups decorating eggs at Easter is a highly developed art form, nearly as old as civilization itself.

Did you know, for example, that as long ago as 5000 B.C. it was customary to exchange red-dyed eggs at spring festivals? That was one of my first surprises. Even to ancient peoples, I learned, the egg was a symbol of new life and fertility, having special significance as crops were about to be planted.

Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans all used colored eggs in their rituals—an offshoot, perhaps, of the ancient Persian belief that the earth was hatched from an egg, or the Hindu legend that before time began a "world egg" was formed in the "waters of chaos." To this day, incidentally, many Chinese parents still distribute red-colored eggs as birth announcements, much as Americans pass out cigars.

With the advent of Christianity, ancient egg superstitions took on new spiritual significance. Early Christians likened the egg's shell to Christ's tomb, and the egg, in time, came to represent the Resurrection.

Then in the fourth century A.D., Constantine the Great gave Christianity a boost by adopting it as the Roman Empire's religion. As new churches sprang up throughout Europe and the Near East, egg decoration became a beloved custom in Christian homes. From these venerable traditions we've inherited a wealth of Easter-egg folklore.

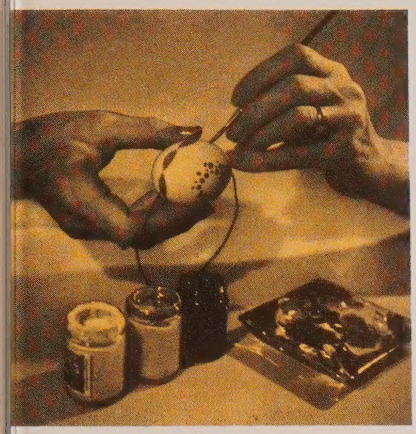
A Ukrainian legend, to cite one of many such tales, "explains" how egg decorating became a world-wide practice. The Virgin Mary, according to this legend, dyed eggs to offer Pontius Pilate while pleading for Jesus' life. While preparing them, she wept; her tears formed brilliant dots on the eggs. When she appeared before Pilate she dropped to her knees in grief; the eggs rolled across the floor, out the door, and continued rolling until they were distributed around the world.

In England, the Easter egg is known by many names—Pasche, Pask, Paste, Pace, and Pasque—all derived from the Hebrew word for Passover. Years, ago, it was customary there to dye eggs, then scrape a design on the colored surface with a penknife. Often an egg was apportioned into segments—one for names and dates, another for landscapes, flowers, or special decorations such as cupids with flaming bows and arrows. The best-decorated eggs were mounted in long-stemmed glasses and given a place of honor in the corner cupboard, furnishing an unusual record of family history.

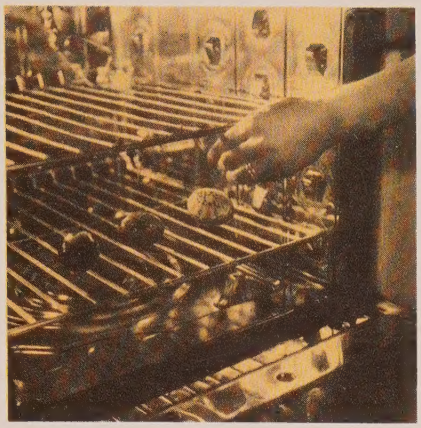
Egg-decorating efforts of children seldom were good enough to earn a spot in the cupboard. But this didn't bother youngsters; they preferred to use their eggs in games and contests. Boys pitted egg against egg; the first to crack lost. Toughest egg was known as the cock and sometimes survived a dozen or more encounters.

A more familiar English Easter custom is the egg-rolling contest. Introduced in this country by Dolly Madison, wife of the fourth president, it first was held on the grounds of the Capitol. Later it was moved to the White House lawn, where it is still a picturesque annual observance.

German Easter-egg art followed a different pattern. While eggs occasionally were decorated, they more often took the form of colorful, egg-shaped papier-mâché containers, filled with candy and brightly decorated with lithographs of flowers, chickens, and rabbits. Germans also enjoyed exchanging colorfully printed greeting cards, many featuring drawings of



ext, she fills in the design, using amel paint and camel's-hair brushes.



When the enamel dries, she varnishes the egg and oven bakes it for toughness.

The result is another bright addition to the author's traditional Egg Tree.

ggs, and hanging brightly colored ggshells from branches of small trees nd shrubs. The Easter Egg Tree, ommon in Pennsylvania Dutch ountry, originated with this practice.

It was Central Europe, however, hich contributed some of the most elightful Easter customs and probly the most colorful Easter eggs. In mall villages, preparations for Easter egan weeks in advance and came to climax on Great Friday and White aturday. For weeks, families saved e finest hen and goose eggs. Then, sing designs and coloring secrets anded down for generations, each mily decorated the eggs.

Balkan peoples were pious and simle, not trained artists, yet uniquely illed from long years of practice nd experience. Generally they used ther of two egg-coloring methods. one, they boiled the egg in a dye ath. For this, they preferred such atural dyes as indigo (blue), logood (purple), fustic (yellow), goldrod (yellow-orange), onionskins burnt orange), tea leaves (rose-tan), alnuts (brown), and madder (red). fter dying an egg, the artist gently raped his design on the colored surace with a sharp knife, exposing the hite beneath.

The second method required far nore patience and skill. The artist ierced a fresh, uncooked egg at each nd and emptied it by blowing. Then e traced an intricate design on the rface with melted beeswax, using crude tin pen. After the wax hardned, he dipped the shell in a dye. hen, using a slightly darker dye for ach dip, he repeated the process as nany as eight times to create the roper design. When the design was

Not just gorgeous—this goose egg is cut and hinged for use as a jewel box, too!

Attention to detail and hours of patient craftsmanship add up to intricate egg decorations such as these done by Mrs. Cymbala.

completed, the worker heated the shell gently over a candle flame until all accumulated wax had melted. Then the egg, after polishing with a soft cloth, was ready for exchange on Easter Sunday.

A highly stylized cross was the basis for many of these designs. Others, too, had special significance. One was the fish, ancient symbol of Christianity. Horses and reindeer, symbolizing wealth and prosperity, and hens, signifying fertility and the fulfillment of wishes, appeared repeatedly.

Familiar, too, were pine trees, ram's horns, spiders, grapevines, the feet of geese, ladders, forks, rakes, geometric flowers, and the eight-pointed star. Most of these were simply objects commonly found in the rural Balkan environment, although geometric flowers stood for love and charity and the eight-pointed star was a tribute to Atar, ancient sun god. Designs and their messages were limited only by the imagination and skill of the artist, for by combining various motifs a talented artist could wish a friend new life, good health, hope, and prosperity on a single egg. In some areas, gaily decorated eggs carrying messages of love were exchanged on Valentine's Day!

Immigrants to America seldom were able to bring treasured possessions. But each brought his own skills, customs, and cultural memories. So it's not surprising that the Easter egg made its appearance in this country and soon became part of our common cultural background.

Central European immigrants who settled in the coal-mining areas of Eastern Pennsylvania have kept egg-decorating customs very much alive. Katherine Milhous, artist and author, has prepared a charming little book, *The Egg Tree* (Scribner's, $2.50), containing a wealth of Easter-egg designs collected in Pennsylvania Dutch country.

The old methods and designs are too slow and tedious for many in the rush of modern living. But fortunately for us, some still possess the old-world craftsmanship necessary to produce the fragile beauties which have become an important part of our American heritage.

Should Easter eggs be scorned because they stem, in part, from pagan ritual? I hope Methodists will not think so. Rather, let us accept the Easter egg as a rich inheritance from good things of the past. Let our children remember their Easters by the inspiration of our best-loved story, by glorious music, by sunshine, and spring flowers. Yes, and by the fabulous Easter egg, traditional symbol of Christ's Resurrection.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord *is* the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Find the strength for your life...

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

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When TOGETHER arrives at the Beverly Hills, California, home of C. Raymond Wood, the whole family "gets together." Sons Gregory and Michael join their parents—members of the Westwood Community Methodist Church—in reading TOGETHER, agree "it's terrific . . . worthwhile and fun at the same time!"

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

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